

LETTERS

from

WALDEGRAVE

by the

REV. GEO. WARNER NICHOLS A.M.

Columbia University
in the City of New York

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Very Truly Yours.

George W. Nichols

LETTERS

FROM

WALDEGRAVE COTTAGE.

BY

REV. GEORGE W. NICHOLS, A. M.,

AUTHOR OF "CHILDHOOD'S MEMORIES" AND "A PASTOR'S WREATH."

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TO

SUSAN WARNER NICHOLS,
OF
GREENFIELD HILL, CONN.

My Dear Sister:

I dedicate to you the following Letters.

With many of the scenes, sketches and characters therein portrayed you are more or less familiar. I know you will appreciate them. I need not say that it is a great pleasure to me to dedicate them to one whose sisterly affection and kind sympathy, and whose intellectual gifts and graces constitute a rich source of enjoyment to the writer. Let me conclude with the most sincere and ardent wish that you may pass many years of serene and quiet enjoyment in our old family home at Greenfield, and may life's last evening be crowned with that golden sun-setting which betokens the brilliance of an unending day.

Yours,

In grateful love and affection,

GEORGE W. NICHOLS.

JAN'y, 1886.

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PREFACE.

MOST of the following letters have already appeared in print, and are republished in deference to the wishes of many who have read them. A few others are printed now for the first time. The book is sent forth with the hope that it may not only give interest to some leisure hour, but may also be a means of usefulness in the hand of that Divine and Gracious Being from Whom all good gifts come and to Whom are due all our labor and all our love.

G. W. N.

PREFATORY NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE many favorable notices of the press, both religious and secular, as well as the opinions of distinguished personal friends of the author, both clergymen and laymen, have induced him to put forth a second edition of this volume. Several new letters and engravings, which appear in this edition, will, the author hopes, tend to enhance its interest and value, and make the book all the more readable and acceptable as a fireside companion.

G. W. N.

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MAGDALEN WALDEGRAVE.

I.

LET me explain at the outset my reasons for naming the spot from which I am now writing, "Waldegrave Cottage." It is said, and with considerable show of truth, that the writer is a descendant of the Earl of Waldegrave, who died in England many years since, leaving large possessions. That some of his descendants came to this country, and lived and died here is well known. At least, three of their tomb-stones may still be seen in Trinity Church-yard, in the City of New York. They stand to the north of the Church, about fifty feet west of the iron railing on Broadway. One of them is quite modern and in a good state of preservation. It is to the memory of George Walgrave who died in 1785, and his wife, Magdalen, who died in 1821—the former, aged sixty-two years, and the latter, ninety-nine years. Their daughter, Magdalen, was married to my great-grandfather, George Warner, on the second day of February, 1771. She died January 2d, 1814, and her remains, with those of her husband and some of their descendants, are interred

in the family vault immediately in front of the Emmet Monument, in St. Paul's Church-yard. Over this vault stands a chaste granite monument to the memory of his daughter, Sarah Firman Williams, and in the interior of the Church, near the west entrance, may be seen marble tablets to the memory of her husband, who died in 1825, and her son, Effingham Warner, who died in 1796. My great-grandmother was always spoken of as a beautiful woman and as possessing graces and accomplishments of a rare and high order—and this is my reason for calling this place “Waldegrave Cottage.”

I came here about one year since, having previously resided for some twelve years or more in the far-famed City of Brooklyn; not that I was dissatisfied with it, for Brooklyn is a most charming and attractive city, with all its noble churches, distinguished preachers and hospitable homes, and pleasant friends. But I felt that a change from city to country would prove beneficial to our health; nor have we been disappointed. Norwalk, which is now a city of considerable size, having fourteen thousand inhabitants, is pleasantly located near Long Island Sound, and lies amid valleys and sloping hills, from which many elegant residences overlook the waters of the Sound. Our

home, which is a beautiful and tasteful structure, lies on one of the principal avenues of the town. We have many of the comforts to be found in a city—gas of superior quality, pure soft water from the lakes near New Canaan; besides, a fine lawn is in front of the house, and a garden in the rear. A favorite horse takes us to ride every day. Indeed, the drives in this country are charming—some of them leading through the back country to Stamford, with its fine residences, New Canaan, with its little Gothic towers rising so gracefully among the trees; and some leading toward the water. At times we drive near the pleasant Summer home of Dr. Alonzo Clark, or the palatial residences of the Hoyts, with their fine grounds, near Stamford. At other times we drive through Westport, a pleasant village, and pass the beautiful and perfect little gem of a church built by Winslow, the New York banker; or drive a little further on, to the splendid seat and grounds of Morris Ketchum; or extend the ride still further to Greenfield Hill, formerly the residence of Dwight, the eminent scholar and divine, who was once President of Yale College. By following on the road still further which leads to New Canaan, we come to the quiet inland village of Bedford, in the State of New York. In this town the writer spent the days of his

childhood. Oh, how many delightful associations and pleasant memories cluster around that quiet parsonage and little quaint Episcopal Church, which stands about one mile north of the village, where my boyhood was spent and where my father preached for twenty-two years ! How well do I remember that old parsonage, with its green lawn in front, overshadowed by the trees planted there by the hand of the rector, and the venerable church, too, which stood beside it, and the many marble tablets which lay around it ! Time, though it seems to obliterate often the scenes and events of later years, yet seldom can efface from our remembrance the early impressions of our childhood or the tender associations of home. In that church of sweet memories, I may here mention, worshiped the various members of the family of that distinguished and honored patriot, John Jay. I remember him well, and recollect perfectly his venerable, mild and placid face as he sat at his own fireside, or in his pew on Sunday in the parish church, joining with devout sincerity in the prayers and hymns or listening to the sermon. There sat also his daughters, Miss Ann Jay and Mrs. Banyer, and Judge William Jay and John Jay, his son now living, late minister from this country to the Court of Austria. The Jay mansion

stood about two miles north of the church, beautifully located upon an elevated slope of ground, from which the eye rested upon a broad landscape of diversified scenery. This distinguished and honored statesman, after having spent the best part of his life in labors for the good of his beloved country, sought this quiet and peaceful retreat, far removed from all the turmoil and business of life, and there he spent a serene and happy old age in the bosom of his family. I have thus thrown together a few thoughts from this, my *new* home, chosen after having spent the greater part of life, while health and strength permitted, in the duties of the sacred ministry, and where I may perhaps pass what of earthly life yet remains to me; and should this brief letter be deemed of sufficient interest to occupy a place in that valuable journal, the SUNDAY MAGAZINE, it is at your service.

WALDEGRAVE COTTAGE,
Norwalk, Conn.

II.

SINCE I last wrote you from this place, the autumnal season has commenced. The vegetation, which had begun to droop and wither, by the continued drouth, has been revived, and all nature is clothed with its fresh robe of green. The country was never more attractive for rides and rambles than now. As you ascend the hill-tops, behind the cottage, and then look down on the valley below, the scene is a beautiful one. Everywhere, amid picturesque forests and dales, you see the residences of the inhabitants, and the tall church-spires pointing heavenward, and one striking residence, erected by the late Le-Grand Lockwood, at a cost of \$700,000, resembling, with its spacious grounds covered with trees and verdant shrubs, an English palace. Yesterday we drove away toward the water, amid soft autumnal breezes, and in view of the waters, blue and sparkling, of Long Island Sound, to a charming residence now in possession of a New York family. The smooth, white pebbly roads, the grand old forest-trees, and the lakes which now and then rose to view

—the mansion, standing in leafy solitudes and creeping ivies, all served to enhance the beauty and variety of the scenery ; and we returned home just as the sun was setting behind the hills, and pouring its brilliance, amid golden and amber clouds, over the whole landscape. I have already spoken of some places and scenes of interest about here ; but of them all, I know of none invested with a deeper interest or charm to the writer than the two following, viz.: one, the “old homestead of my grandfather” ; the other, “the home of my father” ; and with your permission, I will proceed to speak of these places and some historical incidents connected therewith. Both of them lie at a distance of about eight miles from Waldegrave Cottage, and make a very pleasant drive. The former, which was burned accidentally not long since, was an old and dilapidated structure, which had stood for something like one hundred years, and was built in the style of that period. It had large, square windows, a huge iron latch to the door ; a massive stone chimney ran up through the centre of the house, and a tall well-sweep stood near by, from which you might draw a most refreshing draught of cool water on a hot summer’s day. I remember there was a very large fireplace in the sitting-room, and there how often

would his children and grandchildren assemble to listen to the oft-repeated story of those battle scenes in which he took part, and never seemed to tire of telling, or they of listening to him. Oh, how often in days gone by have I stopped to take a look at the old homestead! There it stood, old and going to decay. True, its rooms were deserted, and no longer echoed back the tread of former years. The broken panes were visible in the shattered windows. But it was interesting, and around it still clung many golden associations of days that are past; for it was once the residence of my grandfather—an old hero of the Revolution. Let me here give a brief synopsis of his history: He was born in April, 1757, in those stirring days when our forefathers were struggling under oppression and fighting for freedom and the right. Feeling the inspiration which then fired the hearts of the youthful sons of many of our countrymen, he set out at the early age of nineteen to join the ranks of the Continental Army, and proceeded to the City of New York, and was there at the memorable time of the Declaration of Independence. He was present when the soldiers demolished the statue of King George, near the Battery, on Broadway. He was at the battle of Flatbush, L. I., and saw the British take possession of the

fortifications on Brooklyn Heights, after they had been quietly abandoned by the Americans during the night of August 30th, 1776. He assisted likewise in erecting the fortifications at Red Hook, which was done during the night, that our army might, if possible, take advantage of the enemy. About this time he suffered much from exposure and hardship, as all our soldiers did ; still he kept firmly to his post of duty, and marched on with the army into the County of Westchester, after the city had been evacuated by the Americans, and participated in and stood in the thickest of the fight at the famous battle of White Plains. After this indecisive engagement, as it proved to be, he still followed on with the army as far as Tarrytown and North Castle, and leaving the army he returned to his native place, and arrived home on Christmas Day, 1776. He joined the army a second time, and then started to aid in the capture of General Burgoyne, but had proceeded only as far as Ridgefield when the news came that Burgoyne was a prisoner. This was the last of my grandfather's participation in the Revolutionary conflict. He then took up his abode in that old homestead. He was soon married, and reared a family of three sons and two daughters. I will not attempt to trace their history nor depict the varied

scenes of joy or sorrow which were witnessed there. None of that household are now living—and yet they are not dead ; for they still live in the hearts and affections of their descendants. They still live in the deeds and actions of their lives. These give immortality to the man. These survive the corroding touch of Time. I often think how much force and beauty there is in the following lines of Longfellow :

“Happy he whom neither wealth and fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of the ancestral homestead.
We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations.”

But I hasten now, Mr. Editor, to give you a brief description of the home of my father, the late Rev. Samuel Nichols, D.D., which lies not far from the site of the old homestead just spoken of. It stands fronting the public green in the village wherein stood the church and school-house where Dwight taught his pupils. A little way down the village street may also be seen the identical house, now in possession of Mr. Frederick Bronson, where Dr. Dwight, the fam-



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE REV. SAMUEL NICHOLS, D. D.,
GREENFIELD HILL, CONN.

ous scholar and divine, resided for twelve years. The house of my father is a wide, low-roofed structure, with central hall and piazza, front and rear. Its rooms are large and commodious, and well adorned with fine pictures, the productions of one of his daughters, a distinguished artist. In this quiet and sequestered nook, looking out upon the green, covered with the grand old elms, my father spent the last days of life's quiet evening, and here he died some two years ago, at the advanced age of ninety-two years. He was born November 14th, 1787; fitted for college at Easton Academy, joined the Sophomore Class at Yale in 1809, and graduated in 1811. Shortly after his graduation he became an instructor in the academy at Fairfield, N. Y., where he married my mother, a lady of high Christian character, belonging to one of the old Knickerbocker families of New York. Her father died when she was but seven years of age, and she was left in the care of her grandfather, George Warner, a citizen of New York, a man much esteemed in his lifetime, and distinguished for his good deeds. He belonged to the Episcopal Church, and was a prominent and active leader in old Christ Church in 1794, when that church stood near the Post-Office, in Anthony street, and afterward became connected with St. Stephen's

Church, in Broome street; and what was very singular, he was very much like a Methodist, for he held his revival meetings for exhortation and prayer, at which many converts were made, who joined the church under the venerable Dr. Moore. He was a member of the Legislature, and while at Albany held his religious meetings. What a surprise now would it be to see such a man at Albany! In 1815 my father became rector of St. Matthew's Church, Bedford, N. Y., where he remained for twenty-two years. As rector of that parish, he was faithful, earnest, beloved by his people. It was from this parish that he removed to his native place, to spend the declining years of life. There, soothed and encouraged by the love and attentions of his children and friends, he departed hence to meet his reward.

“ Thus star by star declines
Till all have passed away,
And morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.”

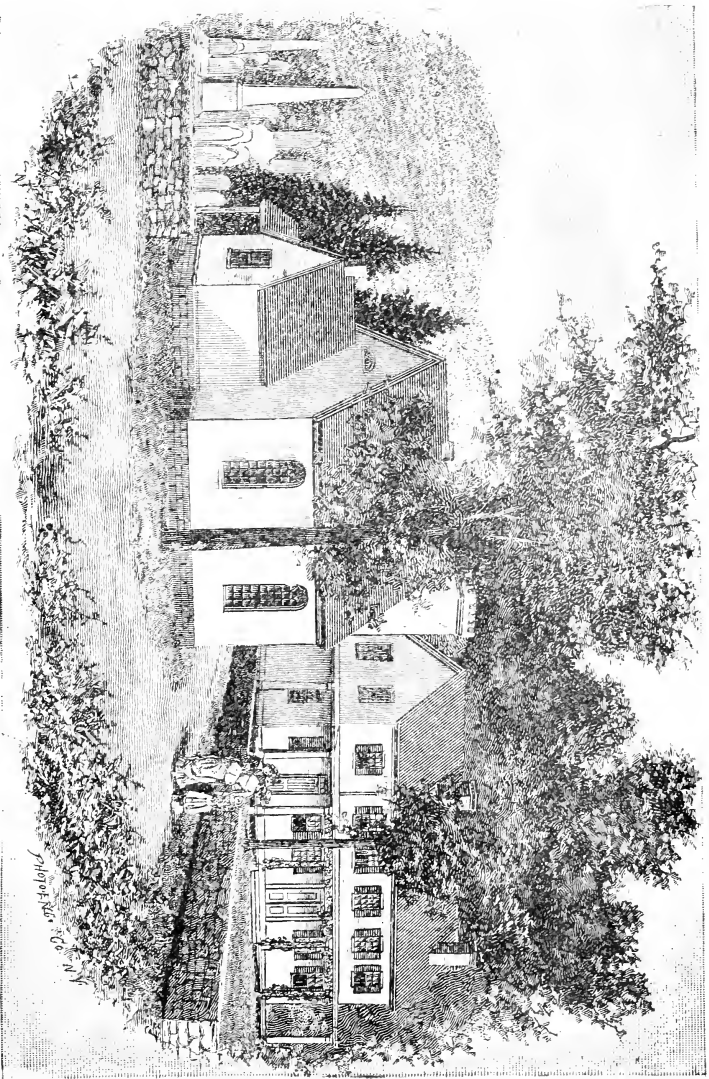
III.

How rapid is the flight of time! Who would have thought a few weeks ago, as you rode along the wooded roads, and beheld the yellow leaves falling upon the ground, and the fields looking as green as ever, that Winter would so soon have come upon us?—stern Winter, with its fierce winds and frosty nights. And yet it is even so. I sit in my cosy parlor and look out of the window, and the flowers have disappeared from the garden. The pines and hemlocks stand covered with snow. The shrill wind howls and moans through the chimney; and, as night approaches and reveals the starlit heavens, the moon casts her silvery beams over the snow-bound fields. How rapid is the flight of time! And yet we cannot stay that flight; we cannot hold these precious days, and weeks, and hours, or prevent them slipping from our grasp. But (and it is a cheering thought), we can improve them; we can turn our thoughts to indoor life—to the pleasures of home and social intercourse and literary pursuits.

It may not be amiss, Mr. Editor, that in the following letter I should ask the attention of your readers to a few recollections of scenes and places, such as have fallen within the writer's sphere of observation in years that are past. And—

First—A few recollections of my father's parsonage. It is thirty years, or more, since the writer visited the spot, and yet I remember it distinctly as though it were yesterday. It was a neat, white, wooden building, surrounded with a forest of maples and locusts. The little antique church, built of brick, with tower and cupola, stood close by just outside the parsonage gate. I remember all its rooms—the parlor, where we sat—a family group, in pleasant converse; the study, with its shelves of books, and table where my father sat and wrote his sermons; the chambers, where we slept. It was a favorite walk with us down the lane, which ran through the parsonage ground to a piece of woods, and from thence, crossing the river, we frequently in Summer ascended a tall mountain, from whose summit there might be seen a very picturesque view of forest and woodland. Oh! how often have I climbed that mountain and looked down with delight on the many objects below, then so dear to the heart of childhood—the church and the parsonage, the

ST. MATTHEW
TITH AND PARSONAGE, BEDFORD, WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y.



schoolhouse and other dwellings which occupied the neighborhood.

How many sweet memories, how many fond recollections, cluster round that quiet old parsonage ! It was *there* that the young mind received its first impressions of truth and moral beauty; *there* that the young affections were trained, and linked by the tender associations of home—brother, sister, father and mother. That father, who presided over the household, counseled its inmates, and each morn and night kneeled and prayed for them, after the evening hymn was sung—forget him ? forget his counsel and his prayers ? Never ! That mother, who with gentle eye, and sweet smile, and loving face, watched over her children and gave them her gentle counsels and kindly admonitions. Forget her ? as well might you undertake to forget your own being. No ! it is impossible; you cannot forget them. They are both gone to the better land ! But oh ! how their teaching and examples live ! If you could lift the curtain that hides the future you would see that the first instructions and influences of home generally decide what is to be the great governing principle of life, and that the destiny of youth is mostly shaped by the hand of the mother.

Second—Let me invite your attention to a few brief reminiscences of scenes and places connected with parish life at East Haddam, on the Connecticut River. One who has never visited this portion of the country can scarcely conceive the rare beauty of the scenery along the banks of the Connecticut. The picture is exceedingly attractive as you behold the majestic river winding along its course amid the hills and meadows. The white sails are ever moving upon its bosom, the steamboats passing and repassing. And then, looking out upon the opposite bank, you behold the country seats, farms and cottages amid the adjoining groves and woods. The town referred to, which was the scene of the writer's ministerial labors, is divided into two smaller villages or hamlets, each having a landing for steamboats and other vessels. There is a road, a little way back from the rocky banks of the river, which leads from one of these villages to the other; and, as you pass along this road, the country on the east rapidly ascends, sometimes almost precipitously. It is upon one of these heights, about midway between the two landings, that the Episcopal Church stands, upon a most commanding elevation. So lofty is the spot, that the church may be seen for a distance of twelve

miles by any one viewing it from the deck of a steam-boat upon the river. It has an unpretending exterior, after the fashion of that early period, having been erected about the year 1797. The interior is plain. A simple arch overhead is supported by long, heavy fluted columns. It contains an organ of considerable size, and much power, and has one rare curiosity, viz., a bell with an inscription upon it, dating back 1,035 years. It was one of those old Spanish convent bells, a number of which, some years ago, found their way into this country, and were distributed through the land. Could that old bell tell its history, how many interesting scenes would it disclose !

Upon coming to the place, my first business was to occupy the room and study which had been fitted up by the kindness and generosity of my parishioners. It overlooked the waters of the river. The scene, as I sat there, busy with my books and papers, was very pleasing. A small ferryboat, large enough to contain two or three horses and carriages, was often crossing the river. I learned from one who had acted as ferryman for several years a most thrilling adventure which I here proceed to narrate for the benefit of my readers. In the Spring the river is subject to

great freshets. The snow among the mountains, melted by the warm sun, pours down in innumerable currents into the river, causing it to be much swollen, and not unfrequently buildings, houses and barns, and sometimes families, are swept away. It was in one of these seasons of freshets in the river that Mr. ———, the gentleman just spoken of, undertook to ferry a team with a large load of hay across the river. The wind was blowing fresh as the company, consisting of the ferryman and his boy, who assisted him, and the teamster with his load of hay, started from the shore. They had proceeded safely as far as the middle of the river, when the wind seemed to swell into a gale. The clouds began to collect in wild and fearful commotion. Amid the howling of the winds, and the roar of the waters, the boat became perfectly unmanageable. Such was the fierce tumult of the wind and waves as to carry under the boat in a moment. By some strange chance of fortune, the team and driver were saved. The oxen became disengaged from the cart, and swam to the other side and were also saved. The ferryman, after being thrown with his boy into the angry and tumultuous waters, swam down amid the current, the boy clinging to his back with a death-

grasp. He tried to shake him off, fearing that he would drown him, but found he could not. In the meantime, the interested crowd of spectators on the shore were anxiously waiting and gazing with dim eyes through the darkness to see the fate of the unfortunate crew. They immediately got out a large boat, followed hastily along the shore and rushed to the aid of the old ferryman and his boy. Both were saved, and the joyful news was soon borne to every house in the village.

When Mr. — narrated to me this wonderful adventure, he added : “ I never expected to weather the fearful perils of that awful gale.” But to proceed with my narrative.

Upon entering on my duties in my parish, I found that the church of late had very much declined in numbers and spiritual prosperity. Some unhappy questions of a secular nature had been suffered to influence the minds of the parishioners and alienate them from each other. After laboring, however, for some months among the people, I had the satisfaction of beholding the parish manifesting a deeper interest in religious things than they had hitherto. The church was attended by larger and more attentive congregations, and a more cordial spirit of unity

and good feeling began to exist among its members. And I was also delighted to recognize not only those professedly belonging to my own church, but many others belonging to various religious denominations, who live in the hamlets below, some three miles distant from their own church.

Encouraged by the success of my labors, I continued on in that parish, surrounded by a band of faithful workers, and upheld by the hands of devoted friends and parishioners, until declining health compelled me to leave for rest and recreation; nor shall I soon forget the scene, as I finally left a people who had shown me unremitting kindness, among whom I had labored with the Divine blessing.

It is evening. The dusky shades of twilight deepen. The steamer has just come up to the wharf. I have shaken hands for the last time with many of my warm-hearted friends and parishioners. I hasten on board and the boat quickly recedes from the wharf, and as I stand upon the deck, I see, now and then, an anxious eye watching me and waving a parting signal. I see the window of my study, where I have spent so many pleasant hours, fading from my sight, and the church spire on the hill-top vanish, where we have so often communed

with God in prayer. Farewell ! ye temple walls, which have so often re-echoed the praises of our God ! Farewell, ye peaceful homes, at whose fire-sides I have so often sat and talked on things spiritual and divine ! Farewell, ye little children of the Sunday-school, whose sweet countenances have so often looked smilingly on me as I have tried to lead you in the Lord's pastures ! May we all meet a united parish in heaven !

IV.

WILL you allow me, briefly, to continue in this and the following letter the sketches of scenes and incidents in ministerial and parish life begun in my last? During 1849-52, it was the writer's privilege to minister in the town of ——, in the County of Litchfield, Conn. The parish had been once the scene of Bishop Griswold's saintly labors. It was here, amid these romantic hills, amid a simple-hearted, intelligent and spiritually-minded people that this great and good man began his early ministry—a ministry that was afterward to ripen into a most glorious and fruitful harvest. I found there a high moral elevation, an exalted spiritual standard of conduct and life such as we might naturally expect such a man would impart. And although years had passed away, it was easy to see still the traces of the good bishop's holy labors in this parish; and, as I often rambled in the fields or climbed the hills in search of the farmhouses of my parishioners—

which were scattered far and wide over the country—I could not but call to mind how these same hills had been trodden by the footsteps of him who once here broke the bread of life to his privileged flock. I found many aged persons in whose recollections the good bishop's life and labors were treasured up as precious mementoes of their early years. One aged lady, with whom the bishop lived, and where he studied and wrote, ever spoke of that good man with the utmost respect and friendship. I shall not forget the deep interest with which another, an aged man, who had also had the honor of providing a home in his humble dwelling for the good bishop, spoke to me, during his last illness, of the life and ministry of Bishop Griswold. I found him confined to his sick bed, and in a state of want. But few, if any, of his distant kindred seemed to take any interest in the aged sufferer. I relieved his necessities from the charitable fund of the parish. But, oh, how he seemed to cherish the remembrance of his early pastor! At the mention of that name there would kindle up in the old man's countenance a smile which made him almost forget his bodily suffering and the signs of destitution by which he was surrounded. Facts like these serve to show us what a mighty hidden power for good there is in the teach-

ing and example of a faithful minister. Bishop Griswold was the father-in-law of the elder Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, and I have no doubt that his eminent example and singular devotion had an influence in shaping the future course and career of his son-in-law, and making him, as he has been, a man of great power.

A somewhat singular episode occurred while the writer was in charge of the parish before named. I received, one day, a letter from a clerical brother—then officiating in the parish of Salisbury, in the northwestern extremity of the State—in which he wrote as follows:

“REV. AND DEAR BROTHER: I am about resigning my parish, in order to accept a call to the church at Niagara Falls. Our vestry here and myself are unanimous, and we have selected you as the future pastor of this church. We will not take No for an answer. You must come. Faithfully, yours,
———.”

I immediately sat down and wrote as follows :

“REV. AND DEAR BROTHER: Your letter has been received. My parish here is united, and everything

is prospering. I do not think it advisable, even though my salary were increased, to leave the parish, and must therefore beg to decline your urgent invitation. Your brother in Christ, ——."

In about two weeks after this I received another and still more urgent letter, begging me to reconsider my former determination, and to come and spend a Sunday, which I finally consented to do. After visiting the parish, and thinking over the whole subject, I resolved to accept the call, and, upon my return, I resigned my parish; when, what do you think occurred? A letter came, informing me that my reverend brother of Salisbury had concluded not to resign his parish. Some rumor had been started affecting his moral character, when all his parishioners immediately rallied to his support, determined that he should not resign, and that they would stick by him and defend him to the last. This, to say the least, was placing me in a very awkward and unpleasant position. I was afloat without a parish. What was I to do? I suddenly recalled to mind a little circumstance which had occurred some six weeks previously, when a gentleman belonging to one of two associated parishes in the western portion of the town called upon me and inquired how I

would like to change my present cure for that of the two parishes he represented? When the question was first put to me I replied in the negative. Were those parishes still open? I resolved at once to solve that question and drove to the house of the gentleman to whom I have just referred, a distance of about eight miles. He received me cordially, and an arrangement was made at once to accept the charge of these two parishes. It seemed to me a direct ordering of Providence; for it proved a far more eligible and desirable field of labor than either the one I had left or the one I proposed to accept. How true is the saying that "man proposes, but God disposes." My cure now embraced two parishes, having two churches, four miles apart, and running over a territory eight miles long and four miles broad. And the blessing of the Lord prospered abundantly my labors in it. One of my parishioners, or pewholders, was the mother of the distinguished and most brilliant Presbyterian preacher, Dr. Charles Wadsworth, who so long and so successfully filled the pulpit of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, in Philadelphia. I never had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him, but have been charmed and delighted with his published sermons. In the other parish, I numbered among my most valued

parishioners a lady of high accomplishments and fine education—a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Truman Marsh, who preached in St. Michael's Church, Litchfield, for many years. He was very hypochondriacal, and every Sunday became so depressed that he could not muster courage to preach. But his wife would encourage him, give him some simple remedy, and tell him to mount his horse, and he would ride, accompanied with a hired man, to the church, and preach two most admirable sermons, and then return home. This he did until he was very advanced in life. It was in Litchfield that the Rev. Mr. Bayley who was then a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, but who afterwards joined the Church of Rome, and became an archbishop—it was here that he became enamored of a young lady of high accomplishments—a Miss ——, who, though she did not marry him (the laws of the Roman Church forbidding it), yet imbibed his teaching, and embraced the faith of that Church, and went into a convent in the city of New York, where she resided for some time; but I think she subsequently renounced her faith in Romanism, and returned to her Protestant belief, friends and home again, to their great joy and satisfaction. She was a very intelligent and lovely woman, and her society was much sought after. In her family circle,

which she graced, she was the idol of fond parents and a large circle of admiring friends.

Thus passed away about four years of ministerial life, amid the hills of Litchfield, amid hospitable homes and kind parishioners; and in looking back to those four years, I have much to recall with pleasure, and nothing to regret.

V.

THERE are few cities of our country around which gathers a greater interest than New Haven. The magnificent churches and other buildings which surround and occupy the public Green, overshadowed by the tall, graceful elms; the highly educated, refined and intellectual character of its people; the College, with its numerous buildings; the Art Gallery; the Marquand Chapel; Library, etc., all these have given a justly-deserved fame to New Haven. During the writer's college days, the city had far less claim to renown. It was smaller than it is now, the churches fewer and less ornamental, the buildings belonging to the college plainer and much less in number. At that time there were no means of access to the place except by stage-coach and steamboat, and college students found it a long and forbidding journey from their homes to the college. Many college scenes, incidents and characters, still remain indelibly impressed on my memory. Though young and inexperienced, I had left my home well-trained under the teaching and example of Christian

parents, and, therefore, was not so likely as many others to be drawn into any wild and dangerous pranks, such as often occur among college students. I remember hearing of one of these reckless and silly adventures which occurred many years since at Yale. A party of students, bent on mischief and fun, went out and robbed a neighboring farmer of one of his turkeys. They brought the turkey home, dressed it, and resolved to have a feast in one of their rooms. Here they assembled one evening, cooked the turkey, made the fixings and gravy, and all sat down to enjoy their evening's repast. They had nearly finished when a loud rap was heard on the door from a tutor or professor. What should they do? It would not do to be caught in that situation. It was instantly resolved to remove all traces of the feast. The turkey and dishes were secreted, and, not having any other place, they poured the gravy into one of their boots. One of their number reads from the Scripture the chapter containing the passage: "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; but no sign shall be given them but the sign of the Prophet Jonas," etc. Another, with serious and solemn tone, utters a prayer. Thus, they escaped detection, and the professor passed on. Among those who left a very strong and enduring



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impression at that time on the writer's mind was President Day, a most excellent and venerable man, of whom it has been said wittily, that "he was a man without either original sin or actual transgression." I remember, also, the striking appearance of Professor Daggett; Professor Goodrich, who taught the students in elocution; Professor Silliman, whose lectures on chemistry and geology were a rich treat to his audience; and last, not least, I remember distinctly the appearance of the venerable Rector of Trinity Church—Dr. Harry Croswell—whose tall figure and manly form, clerical garb, and high-topped boots with knee-buckles, impressed every beholder, as they saw him walk the streets of New Haven. Dr. Croswell was, in many respects, a most wonderful man. He was not a great or very eloquent preacher, but he had a right heart, and an earnest will, and an extraordinary knowledge of human nature, and could ingratiate himself into every man's heart. He commanded the highest regard, not only among his own people, but among Christians of every name. He died in 1858, aged seventy-nine. When he first entered on his duties as Rector of Trinity Church, there was but one Episcopal Church in New Haven. Now there are nine. It was during the early part of my ministry,

being then without a parish, that I made a call on the Rev. Dr. Croswell. He received me most cordially, and directed my attention to two vacant parishes in the vicinity. One of these was a rural town, far behind the age in scientific and educational advantages, and still clinging with great tenacity to their old superstitions and crude notions of men and things. A wag, one day, was asked by a person whom he met, "What do you think of this town?" "Why," said he, "I will tell you, and I do not know how better to express my meaning than in two lines of poetry:

" ' A big meeting-house, a tall steeple,
A superstitious priest, and a rickety people.' "

This was literally true; the one minister, who had been there from time immemorial, had a large stone church, and had come to think that no one else ought to have any jurisdiction over the people, either in politics or religion; for at one time he had driven out the Methodists, and at another attempted to scatter the Episcopalians, by preaching one Sunday a sermon in his church in which he threw all the bishops off the throne and took the chair himself. The Episcopalian Church was a very diminutive, barn-like structure, and hence, on coming

into the place, I immediately directed my most strenuous efforts to rousing the people and urging them to build a more decent and respectable house for the worship of God. I knew that it would help greatly to further this object to enlist the sympathies and attention of my friend, Dr. Croswell. I laid the whole subject before him. He brought the matter before the ladies of his church, and they helped us greatly in a fair which was held in the town-hall to raise funds for the new church. A subscription, which was very successful, was started in the parish, and the result was that a new and beautiful Gothic church was built, and furnished, and carpeted in the short space of three or four months, and, what was better than all, was paid for.

After the edifice was completed, we held our opening service, at which Dr. Croswell was present, and took part, much to my satisfaction, as well as that of the congregation. Dr. Morgan, of St. Thomas Church, New York (then the assistant of Dr. Croswell), also participated in the services. It was an interesting occasion, and one long to be remembered; and I was frequently afterwards accosted by neighboring brother-clergymen who would say to me: "Why, Brother — , it seems almost a miracle. I wonder how you could take hold of such a feeble

little church, in such a community—so much behind the age, and withal so penurious as they were, and induce them to build that beautiful church.” I have never regretted since that I called on my good friend, the distinguished rector of Trinity, and took his advice, for it proved a most successful undertaking; and the church has since prospered, a parsonage having been built and the church well attended.

After having spent about fourteen years of my life in ministerial duty, in various fields of labor in the State of Connecticut, Mr. Editor, I moved to your goodly city of Brooklyn, where I have resided, with the exception of a few brief intervals, until my removal to this place—“Waldegrave Cottage.” When I went to Brooklyn, and during the many years of my sojourn there, my health had not been fully adequate to the care of a parish, so that I have been under the necessity of turning my attention to business in order to live. By the blessing of God, success has attended me, and my years in Brooklyn have glided on smoothly and happily amid the kindly intercourse of genial friends and intellectual companions.

On Sunday, while we have frequented and enjoyed the privileges of worship in our sanctuary, we have

occasionally derived great satisfaction and profit from listening to the discourses of other eminent divines in the City of Churches—particularly those of the Rev. Dr. Scudder, whom I have always looked upon as a preacher having few rivals in this or any country. Frequently, when dull and depressed, I have started with my wife on a Sunday evening for the church, which was near by, and after listening with great pleasure to Dr. Scudder, have returned home, my whole moral and intellectual nature elevated and impressed by the theme of his discourse—so skillfully unfolded and illustrated as to form the subject for a most delightful hour's conversation. I wonder not that he is so successful in gathering large congregations around him. But while we often look back and recall with pleasure the many happy days and hours spent in the society of kindred and friends, the memories of pleasant and profitable Sabbaths, and week-day lectures by men of note and distinction to which we have listened with delight, yet we regret not that these have been exchanged for a new Summer home in the country, where, instead of being pent up in a narrow inclosure and confined to a space of a few feet, we may look out upon the broad landscape of mountain and valley, and listen to the matin songs of birds in springtime,

breathe in the air scented with the perfume of blossoms and the new-mown hay ; listening no longer to the continual clatter of carts and vehicles, nor to the endless buzz of business in the crowded street, but to the gentle sighing of the wind among the trees of the forest, the murmur of the mountain rivulet, or the bleating of the flocks and herds upon the hillside. But it is time, Mr. Editor, to draw this letter to a close. So I bid you adieu, and reserve what more I have to say to another time.

VI.

IN the following letter I have thought it might not be amiss for me to present to the readers of your Magazine a few reflections which have suggested themselves to my mind at this somewhat protracted period of life.

1. And on looking back over life's pilgrimage, I have been profoundly impressed with the wonderful discoveries which have been made in human science, as applied to the comforts and conveniences of civilized life. Had any one in my childhood told me that I would live to see the day when steam cars would fly across the country, carrying passengers and freight at the rapid rate of forty or fifty miles an hour; or messages would be transmitted from city to city in the space of a few moments; or persons could converse with each other by telephone in distant places; or news from foreign lands would reach us, transmitted by cables under the ocean, so quickly as to be published in the morning papers and read at

our breakfast tables—I say, had any one made such marvellous statements as these, in my youthful days, who would have believed them? And yet they are true. I remember, when but a child, leaving home, scarcely ten years old, and riding with my father through the county of Westchester, in the State of New York—a distance of forty-five miles—all the way in a rumbling stage-coach, and arriving just at the dusk of evening at the house of my grandfather, which stood then not far from Vauxhall Garden, surrounded by flower garden and apple orchard, with a plant-house and stables and carriage-house in the rear. It was his country seat, to which he had repaired from the heat, noise and dust of the city below, where he might enjoy the fresh air and the perfume of the sweet blossoms of fragrant tulips and hyacinths. I can remember, too, the public open road through which our four-wheeled coach and horses drove along, slowly, by a solitary road, with a scattered dwelling now and then, where now stand whole blocks of palatial residences, marble palaces, and stores and gorgeous churches. I can also call to mind with what a thrilling sensation of delight we rose early in the morning and set out with our two-seated open farm-wagon (our company consisting of father, mother and myself) and drove the whole day

long till sunset—a journey of fifty miles—on a visit to our distant kindred in the State of Connecticut.

Ah! those were happy, joyous days; we never tired of the beautiful scenery along the road, the faces we saw, the green fields and forest trees, the villages with their dwellings, and, above all, the hearty greetings we received and the warm welcome as we drove within the gate, and entered the old, well-remembered door with its iron latch. Oh, those were indeed happy days! we do not expect to see their like again. But we would not think of traveling so now. If we were going now to Newport or the White Mountains, we would, very likely, take a palace-car, and reach there in a single day. But, I remember, it was just after leaving college (no such thing then as steam-cars and steamboats), we set out (father and myself) with our faithful horse and open wagon. It was a long, long journey. It took us weeks to accomplish it. We crossed into the State of Connecticut, and then followed the road leading through those beautiful towns lying on the Sound—to New Haven, with its colleges, its famous trees, its State-house and churches. Thence we drove on, passing through Wallingford, Meriden, Berlin, to the thriving city of Hartford, with its fine streets and noble churches; and from thence we passed on

through Springfield, over Mount Tom, in sight of Holyoke; stopping a day or two at the romantic little village of Bellows Falls, also at Windsor, beneath the shadow of Mount Ascutney, until we reached the towering, majestic peaks of Mount Washington and Lafayette; and all this distance we drove on day by day, hour by hour, but did not tire; the endless diversity of scenery and new objects, the fresh, invigorating air as we rode along, the relish we had for our meals at the neat and comfortable little inns scattered along the road, far more than compensated us for our lengthy travel. But who would think of taking such a journey, now, when you may ride in a single day or night all this distance in luxurious palace-cars? As we look back over the past to those by-gone days, what a mighty contrast it seems to present to this day, when in the onward march of civilization time and distance are almost annihilated; when huge ocean steamers, splendidly furnished can cross the water and reach their destination in the brief space of seven days; or when we may look out upon that wonderful triumph of art and science, the Brooklyn Bridge, which may well command the admiration of the world.

2. But another thought impresses me as I take a retrospect of life, and that is: the great change

which has taken place during that time in the aspect of the moral and religious world. Fifty years ago, there were few churches, few educational and religious institutions. The country was covered with a comparatively poor and sparse population. Clergymen, few as they were, were much more appreciated, however, than they are now. Since that time the country has made rapid and wonderful progress. States have been multiplied, towns have sprung up, all over the land the resources of material wealth have increased. Over fifty millions of people now dwell where then were but ten or fifteen millions. Churches have been multiplied, theological seminaries have been established, and everywhere Christian temples and schools are to be found. Then, a few humble churches, such as the people could afford, were to be seen. Now, majestic temples are to be found, adorned with all the elegance and taste of magnificent architecture. When I think of those days of feebleness, those humble beginnings, and then glance at the present and think of the varied means and agencies, now in active operation, to promote the moral and spiritual education of men, to diffuse the Gospel's saving truths among the destitute, the ignorant, and the degraded of our race, I cannot but wonder at the marvellous change that

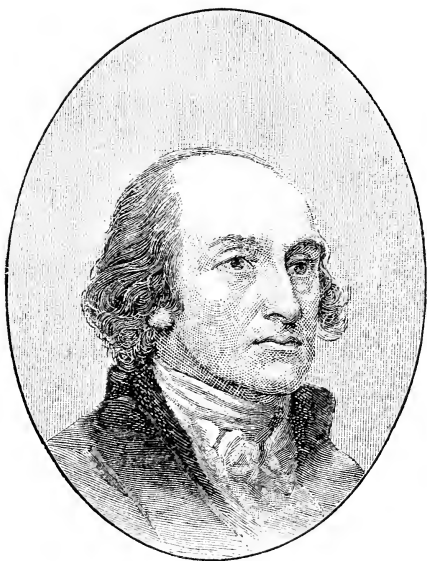
has taken place. I cannot but ask what is to be the future of this great country—a country which has already advanced during a hundred years, from three millions to fifty millions of inhabitants, and which is large enough to contain four hundred millions, with the same population to the square mile as Great Britain. When I look at these blessed results, I cannot but take hope for my country. I have no sympathy with those downcast looks, those gloomy forebodings which some cherish, aye, even some Christians, who seem to think that because infidelity, and crime, and wickedness prevail; because we hear an occasional outburst of blasphemy from some infidel; or because Romanism lifts its head and seeks to dupe the free and enlightened citizens of this republic, but seeks in vain; or, because political bribery and corruption are to be found, that, therefore, the Gospel must fail, the world is to be given over to sin and Satan, and things generally go to pieces. No, no! away with such a pusillanimous, weak faith as that! Let us act more worthy of the noble cause we have in hand, and instead of wasting time in vain regrets and desponding thoughts over the sad results of evil, let us rather gird up our loins afresh, and stand firm as defenders of the truth. And this leads me to state one thing more, which

the review of the past has most strongly impressed upon me, viz., this :

3. That the older I grow, and the longer I live, the more I am convinced of the vast and unspeakable importance of the Bible. It is, emphatically, the Book of books. There is nothing which can be substituted for it. It is infallible. It teaches the truth concerning a future life, and the relations of that life to us, and how we may make that future life a happy one. It is our rule of life, our hope in death ; placing our faith and trust in the Saviour therein revealed to us, we may die happy and peaceful. You may try to disparage the Bible if you will, or put away from you the truth that that book, and that book alone, tells you of, namely, your immortality, and how to secure it, but you will be left in darkness, afloat on a sea without chart or compass.

John Jay, when Ambassador to France, was once in a company of infidels. They talked on recklessly, venting their spite on the Bible ; Jay was silent ; it troubled them. He did not pronounce their shibboleth. They could not go on, while that grave, just man sat there, a sort of solemn judge, riveting at last their gaze. No wonder his bearing forced them to speak, and when they asked, as if to relieve them-

selves of their confusion, and provoke his acquiescence, "Do you believe in Jesus Christ?" his silence had prepared the way for his confusing and confounding answer: "I do, and I thank God that I do." He was silent at the right time, and when he spoke said the right thing.



VII.

ALLOW me in the following letter to lay before you a few pen-pictures of life and character which it has been my privilege to know and admire. Looking back over the past, I will endeavor to draw them as they stand in memory's portrait gallery.

I. The first shall be that of John Jay—the pure, noble patriot and Christian statesman; the friend and associate and co-laborer of Washington; the staunch defender of truth and right; the man of stern principle and incorruptible moral integrity, both in public and private life. How his character looms up, like a bright star in the political horizon, reflecting glory and lustre on his name and rebuking the selfish political corruption and bribery of this degenerate age. I remember well—though then but a small lad—the open, serene, placid countenance of John Jay, as he sat at his family fireside, in the old family mansion, at Bedford, in the State of New York. His noble and impressive features, fine forehead, bright eye, his intellectual cast of coun-

tenance and polite, engaging manners, could not but impress the beholder at once. You could see there intellectual greatness combined with the modesty and humility of the Christian. As a statesman, he was distinguished for his intellectual force and political sagacity. In all the high positions to which he was called—as guide and counselor with other eminent patriots and statesmen of the Revolution; as author of the State Constitution of 1777, and as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; as Ambassador to foreign courts, in trying and difficult periods of the history of the country; as Governor of the State of New York—in all these positions of trust and power John Jay shone pre-eminently as a man of far-reaching political wisdom and incorruptible moral integrity. What a bright and illustrious example does he present to the men in power of this day? Would to God that more might follow him as their model. In the domestic relations of life, too, as an excellent father and wise counselor of his children, he was a rare model. Dr. A. H. Stephens, an eminent physician of New York, once said: “I was summoned to Bedford to visit, professionally, the overseer of Governor Jay’s farm; after having finished my duties at the farm-house I went, by invitation, to the mansion of the vener-

able statesman. That the seeds of evil implanted in our nature have not borne more and ranker fruit in the speaker, I owe to that night's rest under the roof of that honored family. When tempted sorely to evil, I recall the scene in the family parlor of the venerable patriarch, his children and household, and those within his gates, uniting in thanksgiving, confession and prayer. Sir, it was more like heaven upon earth than anything I ever witnessed or conceived. It was worth more than all the sermons I ever listened to."

John Jay was a devout, exemplary member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, believing it to be most evangelical and scriptural. He gave liberally of his means for its support. Indeed, more than half the cost of the erection of St. Matthew's Church, at Bedford, was borne by him. But, while he loved his own church, and participated in its worship every Lord's Day, as long as he was not prevented by age and increasing infirmities, he ever manifested a kindly sympathy and regard for all other Christian bodies, having little or no respect, however, for the idle ceremonies and arrogant and corrupt teachings of the Romish Church and priesthood. I have still, as memory wanders back to those eventful times, a most distinct and beautiful

impression of John Jay surrounded by his children at the old Bedford home—all bound to each other by the tie of deep unselfish love. It was a beautiful sight to behold, as the members of that household vied with each other in bestowing little acts of kindness, and a watchful sympathy over their aged and honored father. There were those two Christian sisters—his daughters, Mrs. Banyer and Miss Ann Jay—whose pure lives and noble deeds of mercy and charity have been bequeathed, a rich heritage, to the Church on earth. There, too, was an honored son of John Jay, the late William Jay, who enjoyed, during his lifetime, the well-deserved reputation of an able advocate and learned judge, who died in the Christian faith, and whose dust reposes now, along with others of his family, beside the old parish church of St. Matthew. These lives, spent in the seclusion and retirement of this Christian home and in active efforts to relieve the poor and afflicted, their spiritual labors and works of charity, which were done, in a quiet way, for the benefit of the widow, and orphan, and destitute missionary—these present a bright and interesting record, and form a fitting close to that eventful life which took place May 17th, 1829. Thus lived and died John Jay, the friend and associate of Washington, having



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THIRD BISHOP OF CONNECTICUT.

borne a noble part in the formation of this great Republic, honored and lamented by the whole country, whose respect and confidence he had so richly enjoyed during his lifetime.

II. I will briefly touch upon the life and character of Dr. Thomas C. Brownell, Bishop of the Diocese of Connecticut, for forty-six years, and engaged in active service during that period, with the exception of a few years previous to his death, which occurred January 13th, 1865, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. During his episcopate, the Episcopal Church made rapid advances in Connecticut, there being at the time of his entrance upon office but seven self-supporting parishes, and thirty-four clergymen. These, at the time of his death, had increased to ninety parishes, and one hundred and thirty clergymen. Few bishops have fulfilled their sacred trust, and discharged the high duties of their sacred office, with more zeal, devotion and wisdom than good Bishop Brownell. To the varied gifts of human learning and theological attainments of the highest order, he united the most ardent piety and spiritual devotion, together with all the kindness, and courtesy, and affectionate regard, and personal interest in his clergy, which

make a bishop so acceptable. It fell to the lot of the writer to be under the supervision of Bishop Brownell for a period of ten years, during his active ministry in various fields of labor in Connecticut. I frequently look back with the utmost satisfaction and pleasure to my intercourse with him. He always manifested a most friendly and affectionate regard for me, took great pains to see that I was usefully occupied in some field of parish work, and rejoiced to know that my labors were successful. He did not wait for his clergy to come to him, but he sought them out, and kept them engaged in useful fields of labor, and soon made every one of his clergy feel that he was their best friend, as well as their bishop. No considerations of personal dignity or ecclesiastical honor could make him forget the welfare, or be indifferent to the wishes or wants, of those over whom he was set to watch as their spiritual overseer.

The name of Bishop Brownell, and the memory of his life and deeds, will be fragrant in the Church during the ages to come. He was strongly attached to his own Church and faith, and lived and toiled and labored incessantly to promote its best welfare. But none ever heard him speak otherwise than with the kindest Christian feeling and courtesy toward

all other Christian bodies. One has only to read his work called "The Religion of the Heart and Life," in which he quotes largely from eminent Presbyterian ministers, to see how highly he esteemed them. Such was the character of Bishop Brownell.

III. But I proceed to give a brief sketch of one more character whom it was my privilege to meet with and know well, viz., the late Hon. John A. Lott, long one of the judges of the Supreme Court in Brooklyn, and also a judge of the Court of Appeals in the State of New York, one of the highest judicial offices of that great State. It is scarcely necessary to say much of the high standing and character of Judge Lott. He was too well known to require it. Suffice it to say he was a great lawyer and a great judge, and filled all the high positions of office and public trust to which he was called, with distinguished ability and success. He was not only a learned judge, distinguished for his marked ability, industry and accurate knowledge of the law, but he was a good man—good as he was great—active and zealous in the service of the Church to which he belonged, and gave liberally of his means to promote its welfare. In the beautiful rural village of Flatbush, which lies just out of

Brooklyn, adjoining Prospect Park, there stands on the main avenue, which runs through the centre of the town, the plain house which was long the home and residence of Judge Lott and his family. His two sons occupy stately, fine residences near him, and his son-in-law, Rev. Dr. C. L. Wells, lives in the parsonage of the Dutch Church near by. I shall not soon forget the exceeding kindness, the genial temper and most hospitable, pleasant manner of the judge as I have made occasional visits with my wife (she being related to him) at that home just described.

It was an exceedingly pleasant drive from our Brooklyn home through the shaded roadways of the park, in sight of flowering shrubs and dog-wood blossoms, into the pretty village of Flatbush—past the venerable old Dutch Church, with its tall spire peering through the trees, to the pleasant residence of the judge. Nothing could exceed the kind, cordial reception given to us by him and his excellent lady; and as memory wanders back, we love to recall those pleasant hours. Although these dear friends no longer greet us with their presence and kindly words, sleeping silently beneath the shades of Greenwood, yet we love still to think of them, not as lost, but only gone before.

VIII.

THE three sweetest words in the English tongue, it has been justly said, are “mother,” “home,” and “heaven.” To the first attaches a peculiar charm. It is associated with all the early years of childhood, with all the numberless little acts of kindness and love, with all the cares, anxieties and unwearied watchings of the domestic household; no earthly tie or bond is stronger than that of mother’s love, especially if it be that of a Christian mother’s love. It stretches and weaves its silken cords around the heart, from the cradle to the grave, and awakens a responsive echo in the heart amid all the cares and perplexing turmoils of life.

“My mother! at that holy name
Within my bosom there’s a gush
Of feeling which no time can tame,
And which for many worlds of fame
I would not, could not, crush.”

There’s no human heart so incrusted by worldliness or so hardened by sin and crime as not to feel the thrilling power of that word “mother.” Were you

to speak to the poor, hardened criminal, bound by his chains in his lonely dungeon, of that sainted mother who once taught him to pray and say, "Our Father, which art in heaven," you would find that even he had a place, down deep in his heart, consecrated to a mother's memory. He would doubtless bow in contrition, and tears would flow down his haggard face, as you carried back his thoughts to the days of his childhood, when he once laid his innocent head on his mother's bosom. If we look back over the world's history we shall find that most of the great and good names and characters which have adorned the world and the Church have owed a vast deal to the influence of good mothers. What John Wesley was is owing, and can be traced, to the influence and power of a Christian mother's teaching and example. John Newton also received his training and Christian instruction at the hands of a good mother; and though he was afterward led astray and often surrounded by evil influences, yet those early maternal counsels prevailed and kept him in the right path. Listen to the following testimony from another: "When I was a child," he writes, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Before I was old enough to know her worth she died,

and I was left too much to my own guidance. In the midst of temptations, whether at home or abroad, I have felt myself again and again irresistibly drawn back by the pressure of that same soft hand, and a voice in my heart seemed to say, "Oh ! do not this wickedness, my child, nor sin against God." Such is the power and influence of a Christian mother. We all respond to those beautiful lines of a world-wide fame :

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere."

But what is home without a mother ? It is a tree without leaves, a hearthstone without any fire, a night without the placid radiance of the moonbeams. I have introduced the foregoing thoughts by way of prelude to the following picture here given from memory's portrait gallery—that of my mother. She was born on January 4th, 1799, in New York city, and was the daughter of George James Warner, a jeweler by trade, and also a man of taste and education. His residence was a small, neat cottage, and stood on the Bowery, not far from Bleecker Street, while that of his father, George Warner, stood a lit-

tle further up, on what is now the corner of Bowery and Fourth Street. These then were country-seats of men doing business down-town, below what is now called Canal Street, which was then the outer limit of the city. Her mother was a daughter of Elias Nexsen, one of the old, most respected merchants of New York city, who was first Collector of the Port, and a prominent leader in the Dutch Church. She was thus brought up under the eyes of Christian parents, and early taught the truths of our holy religion. The family consisted of two sisters and a brother, all united by the tender ties of family affection. The unbroken union, however, was but of short continuance, for at the early age of seven years her father died, and she was left in the care of the widowed mother. Her character was shaped and molded, to a great extent, through her grandfather, George Warner, who owned the famous "old sail loft," in William Street, New York, in which the British pressed him to make sails for the English ships during the war of the Revolution; but he would not. He was also an eminently devoted and religious character. Of the other members of the family, her sister married Thomas Murphy, of New York, and died, leaving several children, one of whom, John McLeod Murphy, was State Senator from New York.

Her brother, the late Effingham H. Warner, was a prominent public man, and while a member of the Common Council of the city, he projected and was instrumental in carrying through the establishment of Union Park, and other city improvements. He was the founder of St. Bartholomew's Church, and his grandfather's coat-of-arms stood over the door of entrance to the first church built in Lafayette Place. He married a sister of the celebrated Methodist preacher, John Summerfield, a woman of great personal charms and highly cultivated intellect, who possessed many of the tender qualities, and religious and lovely traits of her illustrious brother. She died March 13th, 1878, leaving an interesting family. One of her daughters married the Rev. A. McLean, a minister doing active and useful service in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon after my mother's marriage, a new field of duty and labor opened before her, as she moved soon after that event to the village of Bedford, in the State of New York, where my father became rector of the Episcopal Church, and continued there in the faithful discharge of ministerial duties for the space of twenty-two years. I scarcely dare trust myself to speak of that beautiful, sweet and holy life which my mother led during all those years—how faithful

and true she was, a help-meet to her husband, sharing with him all the trials and disappointments which fall to a minister's lot, faithfully training and instructing her household and family in the principles of our holy religion, setting them a pure example, molding their Christian characters, watching over them in sickness, and soothing them with words of kindness and love, and ever acting toward her family the part of a true *Christian mother*—a mother whose memory will be sweet and precious to her children all the coming years. Not only was she faithful and true as a wife and mother, but faithful as a follower of Christ, and co-worker with Him in labors of love; being intimately associated in many noble deeds of charity and works of Christian benevolence with such eminent and pure women as Mrs. Banyer, and Miss Ann Jay, Mrs. Judge William Jay, and others, belonging to the parish of Bedford. Oh! how often, as I have since journeyed along life's toilsome road, in sunshine and storm, does memory recall the modest, quiet little parsonage where my childhood was spent. It was the scene of many childish sports. There I often strolled by moonlight, through the apple orchard, and plucked the delicious fruit from the trees, or went down the lane to the river's bank to angle for perch and sunfish,

orsat with my book on the moss-covered rock at the base of an old mountain which still bore its Indian name, "Aspetong," which always looked interesting, whether dressed in the light verdure of the budding year, or draped in the thick green of ripe Summer, or gorgeous with Autumn's golden hues, or Winter's snowy robe of white. I often now imagine myself standing beneath that mountain, beside the familiar stream which ran along its base, meandering among green bushes and trees, and rich meadows, with the dear old parsonage in the distance, and just a little beyond it the church, with its towers and cupola peering through the forest trees, surrounded with its burying-ground—an omnipresent witness of human mortality—its marble monuments telling the same story amid Summer and Winter, by sunlight and by starlight, and its flowers blooming there, emblematic of a life to come. Amid all the remembrances of childhood and that home in the parsonage, I can recall none so interesting as the picture engraven on my heart of that mother who once lived there, moved round with her pleasant look and smile amid the family group, lived there the life of faith and prayer, knelt morning and evening at the family altar, joining in the devotions after the chapter was read in the Bible, and lifting her voice in one of two

sacred hymns which were sung at the family altar for half a century; the one commencing with the words:

“The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear,
Oh! may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.”

The other :

“Blessed be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.”

About the year 1841 my father's health became impaired, so that he was obliged to procure assistance in his clerical duties, and the Rev. A. H. Partridge was appointed to fill that position. Soon after, my father resigned the rectorship of St. Matthew's, Bedford. Mr. Partridge was called to succeed him, and remained in charge of that church for a period of sixteen years. After a useful pastorate in building up the church and organizing some new churches in the county, Mr. Partridge received and accepted a call to Christ Church, Williamsburg, L. I. Here he was a devoted and most successful minister. The large and elegant church on Bedford Avenue was built through his instrumentality, and, after a career of great usefulness and success, he died, much

lamented by his people. After leaving Bedford, about the year 1841, my mother spent the remaining years of her life at Greenfield Hill, Conn., the home of her husband's ancestors. Here the family had a Summer residence, and often spent their Winters either in New York city or in Brooklyn. During the years spent at Greenfield she always exhibited the same loving tenderness and regard for her family, the same faithful devotion to household duties; much of her leisure time was spent either in reading good books or the cultivation of flowers and plants, of which she was passionately fond. The roses and flowering shrubs which adorned the pathways of her charming home were planted by her hands. The Winter of 1872, which was the last Winter of my mother's earthly sojourn, was spent at her city home on Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn. Everything which loving children and kind friends could suggest was done to add to her comfort and prolong her life, but it was evident that she was declining in health; she had lost that bright eye and sprightliness of manner which belonged to her; her bodily illness assumed constantly a more discouraging aspect, until, at length, in the stormy, dreary month of March, notwithstanding all the advice and best skill of two able physicians, she fell asleep with hands clasped

together as if in the attitude of prayer and resignation. Ah! it was a sad and dreary hour in that Lafayette Avenue home when my mother closed her eyes and we were left alone without a mother. *Without a mother!* Oh, what a chasm! how difficult to fill! what a separation of a most tender tie! What can we do in such an hour of bereavement but strive with faith's discerning eye to look above, beyond. There is, blessed be God, a silver lining to the dark, overhanging clouds—a heaven on the other side—a home where partings are not known, and where the scattered members of the household may be gathered at last in one eternal communion and fellowship.

“Oh! sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh! sweet and blessed country,
Which eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blessed.”

IX.

IN a previous letter, I remarked, that, in view of the retrospect of life, one thought, which impressed itself with much force upon my mind, was, the very great and growing importance of the Bible. As this subject has elicited more than usual attention of late, especially since the publication of Rev. Heber Newton's sermons on "The Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible," it may not be amiss to devote this present letter to a few thoughts upon this most important subject. And the first thought that strikes us, as we enter upon the subject, is this, viz.: that there can be nothing more self-evident than the absolute necessity of a divine revelation, to an intelligent and immortal being like man, to teach him the correct knowledge of God, and of human duty and destiny? What am I? What is my destiny? How am I related to God and the rest of the universe? These are questions which must arise in every thoughtful mind, and in order to be answered intelligibly and correctly, require a revelation from the Creator and Author of our being. Nature is silent, the light of

reason and conscience within us gives but slight intimations of the future and our immortality. Unless God teach us the things of God and the future condition of our race, we can know little upon these subjects. If the fact that we are immortal be not revealed to us, by a Being who knows and who cannot lie, then we are in darkness; then we float anxiously on a sea of doubt and uncertainty, and descend at last into the shades of an endless night. But blessed be God! we have such a revelation, telling of the great future; telling us of God, our Father and Creator, and our relations to Him and the universe; telling us of the gradual unfolding and development of the great scheme of human redemption through a Divine Saviour. It contains God's revealed will to us. It speaks to us on its every page, telling us how we may escape the guilt and misery of sin and be restored to the divine favor and immortal happiness in the life to come. But another thought arises. By what evidence is this revelation upheld and sustained? To this we reply:

1. It is sustained by the evidence of miracles, that is, supernatural exhibitions of divine power—such, for example, as the raising of the dead to life, the healing of bodily diseases by a single word, the creation of food miraculously, like manna, for the

Israelites, the opening of the solid rock, causing the waters to flow and thus quenching their thirst. All these were acts of Divinity, and were actually true. Do you suppose that Moses could have persuaded half a million of people that they were fed by a miraculous power from the clouds, or that the water actually gushed out from the rock, if it were not actually so ?

Jesus stilled the raging tempest. He raised the dead Lazarus from the grave. He put his hand on the bier and the only son of the widow of Nain rose to life at His bidding. Think you that Lazarus's sisters and the multitude of Jews there assembled, could have been made to believe that Lazarus actually came forth alive from the sepulchre, if he did not ? But again :

2. This Divine Book is sustained by the evidence of prophecy.

The prophets of the Old Testament foretold events that should happen hundreds of years afterward, with the utmost minuteness and particularity; such as the coming of Christ, the time, place, mode and manner of His birth, also the circumstances of His death. The prophets also foretold the overthrow and destruction of Tyre, Nineveh, Jerusalem, the fall and dispersion of the Jews. Now, as no mere

human foresight could look thousands of ages ahead and tell what was to happen, there can be but one conclusion, and that is, that the Bible is divine. You have only to compare ancient prophecy with modern history to be convinced of this. But

3. There is one more evidence of which we will speak, namely the experimental one; and this is, perhaps, the strongest and the best, for the truth of the Bible. Whoever studies that Divine Book with faith and prayer, and an earnest desire and wish to be enlightened and saved by its truth, will be convinced that it is divine. He will have such a conviction that it is from above, as no cunning syllogisms of infidels or skeptics will be able to shake or laugh out of him. There is many a poor, unlettered and humble individual who possesses this internal evidence of the truth of God. He has never read any book on evidence; he has never heard of Paley, or Butler, or Chalmers; he knows nothing, it may be, of what learned divines and great philosophers have written on these subjects; and yet, he has in his own heart, a most eloquent and a ceaseless witness, that the Bible is God's book, and inspired by His divine Spirit. He was once a sinner, now his heart is changed by the grace of God. He was once sad and miserable, now he rejoices in God. He has believed

and trusted in the promises of that Divine Book, and they have comforted him and given him hope. He has obeyed those divine counsels, and his footsteps have been enlightened. Now this is a species of evidence the very strongest and best. It cannot be overturned, and is capable of withstanding all assaults. Such a person feels within himself the transforming power of the Gospel, and knows by a consciousness within him, surer than argument, and clearer than logic, that he believes on the Son of God, and that the religion he professes is inspired of God. And, furthermore, we may remark that this Divine Book of God, which comes to us sustained and upheld by such a weight of testimony, is *God's greatest and best gift to man*, for it is *infallibly true*. Now *this is just what we all need, an infallible guide to life eternal*. Either it is infallible or it is nothing. If it has God for its Author, and comes from Him, then it is infallible. And here lies one of the chief characteristics of the vast superiority and importance of the Bible.

When the Romanist says to me: "We are the oldest Church, and the only Church; you should receive the Bible as we interpret it," I beg leave to reply: "You are not the oldest Church, nor the only Church. There is the Greek Church, from which

you separated, and there is the Anglo-Saxon Church, in England, which existed there before a popish monk or priest ever came there. Besides, you teach false dogmas, heresies and superstitions, such as transubstantiation, priestly absolution, clerical celibacy, the adoration of the Virgin Mary, of saints and images—all of which receive no countenance in God's Word. No, I want no such error and superstition. Give us the Bible pure, unadulterated, divine, infallible." I stick to that from Genesis to Revelation. It is God's greatest and best gift to man. It is the anchorage-ground of all our Churches, and by it they stand or fall. That Church which is nearest to and most conformed to its divine sanctions will assuredly triumph in the end. Let us keep the Bible in our churches, our homes, our public schools. Let us remember that the welfare of this free and glorious republic of ours is closely bound up with the Bible. All its civil institutions and its government are founded on it. Without its divine sanctions, no civil government, no courts of justice, could exist. Most opportune and proper was that late commemoration of the birth of Martin Luther, who exposed the dismal darkness of papal Rome, and restored the lost treasure of the sacred Scriptures; for out of that Divine Book have come the

mighty influences which have made this country what it is to-day. God be thanked for the glorious work which this great man has wrought. Far distant be that dreadful day when this land of ours, which our forefathers founded in tears and blood on the broad foundations of civil and religious liberty, shall lose its hold on the Bible. For if we lose our hold on that, then all is lost.

X.

IN the following letter it will be my aim to present some brief recollections of a Summer vacation in the beautiful town, or rather, I should say, capital city, of the State of Vermont, Montpelier; and also to give some reminiscences of a similar period passed, in the Summer of 1876, at Great Barrington, Mass., amidst the striking scenery of the Berkshire hills. These are both spots of surpassing interest, and a Summer sojourn in either place cannot soon be forgotten.

First.—It was in the month of July, in the year 1874, that I set out in company with my wife, for the first-named place, Montpelier, Vt. The streets of the city of Brooklyn were hot, dry and dusty, for the burning rays of the sun beat down with great force on the stone pavement making the air oppressive and stifling; and we were glad to escape from the heat and dust of the city, and exchange them for the cooling and invigorating breezes of Long Island

Sound. It was a delightful change, as we sat on the steamer's deck viewing the various objects of interest along the shore ; now catching a glimpse of the buildings on Blackwell's Island, and of the rough waters of Hell Gate, and now taking a view of Fort Schuyler, Sand's-Point Light, and the towns, with their church-spires, which line the coast of Connecticut. A few hours brought us to the City of Bridgeport, where we took the cars for Hartford. We spent one night in this thriving and attractive city—noted for its fine residences, hospitable homes, splendid church edifices and other public buildings, and its Trinity College—and then proceeded, next morning, by the cars of the Hartford and Springfield and Vermont Central Railroad, to the little romantic village of Bellows Falls. We were so much charmed with this place that we concluded to tarry here for a week or ten days. The scenery here is wild and striking to a remarkable degree. The Falls tumble in wild confusion over the huge massive rocks which lie embedded in the river. You look up from the street below, and gaze in wonder at the rough, cragged steeps and rocky ledges which intervene between you and the embankment above, on which some of the dwellings stand. The beautiful Gothic Episcopal church, in which Bishop Carlton Chase

preached many years, stands on one of the heights just mentioned, surrounded by a grove of pines. I preached in it, by the kindly request of the rector, on the Sunday following. We formed some very pleasant acquaintances during our stay at the neat and comfortable hotel, with whom we parted reluctantly, and proceeded to the place of our destination, Montpelier. This is a most beautiful and attractive city, containing about 12,000 inhabitants. Its buildings are, many of them, of a most substantial character, built of gray granite. The Episcopal church, of which the Rev. Dr. Hull was the rector, is a very handsome and tasteful granite structure. The Congregational Church is much the largest edifice, having four towers, and consuming, it is said something like a ton of coal every Sunday. Of all the public buildings, however, which adorn the city, none can compare in point of beauty and impressiveness—none is so chaste and elegant as the State House, built of the purest white marble. It stands at the head of a spacious green lawn, contains the Public Armory, the Hall, sumptuously furnished, for the House of Representatives and State Senate, Public Library, etc.

We took up our abode at the American House, being most kindly cared for by the excellent proprietor and his wife. Here we found some very agree-

able and excellent society. Among others, an Episcopal clergyman, and his lady and young daughter, who had come from Brooklyn, and finding that they could live here with every comfort at about one-third the expense, they had made it their permanent home. We took frequent excursions together around the city, and climbed the tall mountains which surround it, from which you can see in the distance the rugged sides and majestic peak of Mount Mansfield. We were often brought together, as the doors of the rooms of guests opened out upon the second-story piazza, where we sat for hours conversing and looking out upon the street, enlivened with gay equipages. Thus passed away the weeks of our Summer vacation, between books and rambles and kind, pleasant intercourse of new-made friends, until, at last we bade adieu to familiar faces and started back with our own horse and carriage, just purchased for the occasion—a journey of more than four hundred miles through the many villages and towns which lie along the banks of the Connecticut River, and through the States of Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut. That was a long, delightful and most health-giving journey from the mountains of Vermont to our home in Brooklyn, and we never forgot it.

Second.—Let us now proceed to give our readers some brief sketches of a second Summer vacation spent by us in the town of Great Barrington, Mass. Of all the towns, I ever visited, I must say I never saw one which strikes the eye so pleasantly as this. Its wide main avenue is lined with many superb residences, and is overshadowed with the tall, graceful elms which constitute the pride and ornament of New England villages. A little way off from the avenue is the Collins House, with its cottages for guests, than which it would be difficult to find a more comfortable and pleasant home for travelers. Here we made our abode and enjoyed the society of some very pleasant companions, guests of the house from the City of New York. Among others, we received one day a very pleasant visit from Miss Kellogg, then the sole occupant of the Sherwood mansion, who extended to us a polite invitation to take tea at her house. We did so, and were most agreeably entertained by her polite and intelligent conversation. I felt a peculiar interest in visiting this house, as I had often heard my father speak of Mr. Sherwood and his successful and remarkable history. He was born in the same town with my father, in a very humble dwelling, and started forth to carve his fortune, with little or no

means and little prospect of success. Being naturally fond of books, he applied himself with great industry to the study of the English branches, as well as Latin classics, moved to the City of New York and proceeded to establish there a school for the education of young men, and soon became known throughout the city as a most worthy teacher and instructor of youth. After a successful career as a public teacher and scholar for many years, Mr. Sherwood moved from the city to Great Barrington, where he had married his wife, who, with her sisters, had conducted there one of the most celebrated female schools in New England. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood were ardent promoters of education, and we may almost say pioneers, as Mr. Sherwood's classical school was one of the earliest institutions in the City of New York; and the female school also, of Great Barrington, dates back through a period of many years. In this pleasant mansion, which I might almost say is classical ground, Mr. Sherwood brought up an interesting family, among whom were two engaging and accomplished daughters. One of them married a Mr. Chittendon, of St. Louis—a successful merchant, a man of large means and great influence. She died a few years since while travelling abroad for health. The other daugh-

ter married the famous railroad manager, Mark Hopkins, of San Francisco, who died recently, leaving an estate of \$10,000,000. She now resides in the magnificent residence built by her husband previous to his death, and we learn from the papers, more recently, that this worthy lady has borne the greater part of the expense of erecting a new and elegant Congregational church on the site of the old one, burned about a year since.

Knowing, as I did, all these facts and historic incidents in the life of Mr. Sherwood, as narrated to me by my father, and knowing, too, that he had often spoken with great interest of his friend as a playmate and school-companion, I could not but feel a deep interest in the old mansion. It still remains as a Summer residence of Mrs. Hopkins, and must no doubt be highly prized by her as the home of her father and mother—rich in family historical associations. I shall be pardoned in this connection in adding a brief description of this beautiful church, so richly endowed, and an ornament to the town. It is built upon the site of the former edifice, and is trimmed with Portland brown-stone. Connected with the church is a large chapel, having the usual parlors and libraries, and joined by a long stone corridor to a parsonage, in the rear of which is a fine

barn. The windows are of the best design in stained and painted glass; two of them cost \$2,000. The chandeliers are also costly and beautiful; the pulpit is of the finest mahogany, and the organ cost \$30,000. The parsonage is a two-story house, with a handsome portico and arch; in front is a Dutch door, a large hall with old open English grates, a parlor, a study, opening from which is the corridor running to the chapel; also, a light and cheery dining-room opening to the east, a conservatory, kitchen, etc. The entire cost of all the buildings is estimated at little more than \$102,000. This is, indeed, a noble praiseworthy offering of a Christian heart, and an example worthy of imitation. Would that more could be found to do as much for the Church of their affections. I have often since looked back and thought with pleasure of that Summer visit at Great Barrington, Mass.

XI

IN a former letter I dwelt at some length upon the importance of the Bible. I little dreamed, Mr. Editor, I should ever live to see the day when a man of genius and intellectual ability, in view of the powerful and unanswerable evidence which upholds the Christian religion, as set forth in the inspired Word of God, could so belittle himself, and prostitute his noble faculties, as to employ them in the vain attempt to beleaguer and overthrow the Bible—God's greatest and best gift to man; the book which has done *more* for the human race than any and all other books put together; *more* to shape the legislation, and improve the morals, and develop the highest style of civilization in man; *more* to enlighten ignorance, dispel doubt and fear, by drawing aside the curtain of the Eternal World, and unveiling the glories of Heaven, shining on his pathway to the grave; *more* to comfort the sorrowing and suffering and give trust and triumph to the dying. May the good Lord deliver us from any such base and ignoble mission as that of outraging the sense and Christian

feeling of the whole civilized world, and unhinging faith in the existence of God and a future life ; for I can conceive of no calamity which could befall this suffering and sorrowing world like that of the general loosening and destruction of men's faith in the Bible. To seal up the pages of God's divine book, and quench its heavenly light, were to spread darkness and despair. It were to drape the earth in mourning, and put an end to the only redemptive agency of the human race. Take away everything else, but oh ! take not the divine book which in early years was so often read to us by saintly lips of loved parents now sealed in the silence of the grave. Take not the book whose very words have a familiar and solemn tone, known to no others ; which have been preached from the pulpit ; which have been repeated in the sanctuary, at the bridal and the burial ; whose sentences have awakened a reverential awe and fear in our hearts ever since the lisping days of childhood, and are graven on the tombstones of our dead whom we hope to meet again. No ! no !

But, there is another thing, also, which I little dreamed I should ever live to see, and that is, any clergyman criticising the Bible ; and, instead of receiving it as an authentic, inspired and harmonious whole, independent of reason and human

knowledge, and bowing to it implicitly as of divine authority, presuming to cheapen the character of its inspiration, and so detract from that full awe and reverence in which it should be held, turning it into allegories, and stories, and national traditions, instead of divine, unalterable, historic records, and thus unsettling the faith and minds of Christians, and disturbing the repose of the Church. I had always, Mr. Editor, supposed that every orthodox Church took it for granted that the Scriptures were divine and authentic; and the business of a minister was to preach the Gospel and the sacred truths of God's divine word as there laid down and inculcated, not to exercise his puny reason by sitting in judgment on the Bible and calling in question its full inspiration, and thus seeking to be "wise above what is written." It seems to me that time is too valuable, life is *too short*, and eternity is too long, for any minister of Christ to employ his powers and his pulpit for such purposes, rather than in preaching "Christ, and Him crucified," and seeking to save the souls of men.

But to drop the subject of the Bible, upon which our thoughts have been thus far occupied, let me bring before your readers, in the remainder of this letter, another important subject—*the Church*;

and when I speak of the Church, I mean to be understood as embracing within it the whole body of Christ's faithful, believing followers, who take the Scriptures for their guide and rule of faith; who are joined by faith to Christ, the living head; who live according to His precepts, and partake of the graces of His heavenly spirit.

Such constitute a vast fold, united in the unity of the spirit, and in the bond of peace; though they may assume different names, and be separated in outward things in modes of organization and forms of worship, yet they all agree in what is most intrinsically important: the depravity of man, the need and efficacy of a divine atonement, the necessity of repentance and faith, the need of a divine spirit, and the eternal happiness of the righteous.

What a noble band! and what noble works are being wrought out by all these various bodies of Christians! They have founded our political and religious institutions—our schools, and colleges, and churches. They are the safeguard and glory of the land. By their teaching and their example, they have purified public sentiment, and created a moral tone in society, without which it would become a sink of moral pollution and a den of thieves. They have visited hospitals and prisons, and carried the

consoling, comforting and regenerating influence of the religion of Christ into the dark homes of vice and want. They have upheld the Sabbath and the sanctuary, and kept the light of the Gospel burning on the watch-towers of Zion to guide the weary and benighted into safety and peace. They have carried the Gospel's light to pagan shores, and kindled up fires under the sky of the Equator, and amid the snows of Greenland.

I pity the man who feels no sympathy and no thrill of spiritual pleasure, as he thinks of what the vast hosts of Protestant Christendom are doing for our world. I have little sympathy with that narrow spirit of sectarianism which never looks beyond the narrow boundaries of its own little fold, nor extends the hand of sympathy, or look of kindness, toward the great Christian brotherhood. I can truly say, God bless them, and prosper them in their noble work. It has fallen to the lot of the writer to be trained up and ordained a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church—an honored and historic Church—at whose altars have ministered such men as Dr. Francis L. Hawks, Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Dr. Milnor, Dr. Cutler; and which has embraced within its communion such honored and worthy laymen as Governor John Jay, George Washington, Henry Clay, Madison,

Monroe, Arthur, and others. Let me conclude these thoughts on the Church by barely suggesting some *two or three characteristics* which to the mind of the writer present the Episcopal Church in a favorable aspect.

1. The Episcopal Church is a Scriptural Church. It is founded on the infallible teaching of the Bible. It says: "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation. In the name of the Holy Scripture, we do understand those canonical books of the Old and New Testament, of whose authority was never any doubt in the Church."

2. The Episcopal Church is also an Evangelical Church; for it holds that we are saved, not by good works, or penances, but through the merits of Christ. Listen to one of its articles: "They also are to be held accursed that presume to say that every man shall be saved by the law or sect which he professeth, so that he be diligent to frame his life according to that law and the light of nature, for Holy Scripture doth set out unto us, only the name of Jesus Christ, whereby man must be saved."

3. The Episcopal Church is possessed of a rich and Scriptural Liturgy—the growth of ages. It contains the most sublime devotions and saintly prayers which have been uttered by saints and martyrs in all ages, and which have called forth the highest encomiums of Christians of every name. This feature of the Episcopal Church is one which is commending itself more and more in the eyes of the Christian public and has led many, outside of its pale, to adopt some form of liturgy in public worship.

4. The Episcopal Church is also a more liberal Church than many others. It tolerates within its fold many schools of thought, and various shades of opinion, and has grown, at least within the writer's recollection, far more tolerant than it formerly was of the opinions and faith of others.

5. The Episcopal Church is also a progressing Church. Look at the statistics, as presented by the late General Convention, of its progress within the last ten years. It is making rapid strides. Its missions, at home and abroad, have been multiplied; its dioceses, enlarged; its clergy and members, vastly increased. Its institutions have grown with great rapidity. It is well adapted to all classes and conditions, and by God's blessing, will continue to make progress.

XII.

SINCE I last had the pleasure of addressing you, it has been my privilege to make an enjoyable visit of several weeks to the great and growing City of New York, which now ranks first and foremost of all American cities in art, in science, in material and religious progress; in the grandeur and elegance of her public and private edifices; in the beauty and splendor of her churches, and in her many noble monuments of Christian charity. New York, it must be admitted, now stands on a proud pre-eminence. To one looking back over a period of fifty years, the changes wrought by the hand of time seem marvelous indeed. I can remember when New York was but an inconsiderable place, and Brooklyn a small village. The chief means of travel then was by an old-fashioned stage-coach, from Westchester County down through what was then and is now called "The Bowery," which carried the mail and passengers. No cars and steamboats. Now, what a

contrast, in the crowds of palatial steamboats and of steam-cars which daily bring their crowds of visitors to the city. I am now safely and comfortably lodged near Madison Avenue, a few blocks above "The Grand Central Depot," where there formerly stood open, barren fields comparatively worthless. A few moments' walk leads me out to Madison and Fifth Avenues, both of which are lined with costly and imposing private dwellings and churches, which cannot be surpassed for elegance and grandeur in their style of architecture. A few Sundays ago we walked a short distance down Madison Avenue, and attended divine service in St. Bartholomew's Church, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cooke, pastor. This church is quite a beautiful edifice. The ceilings and walls are finely frescoed. A row of exquisitely wrought colored marble pillars runs through the church on either side of the middle aisle. The side and altar windows, covered with Scripture scenes, adorn the edifice. I was particularly drawn to this church, as I had never seen the interior, and was anxious to hear the rector preach, who was an old and long-tried friend of mine. We were fellow-students in the Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church in this city as long ago as 1837 and 1838. Dr. Cooke is a man of rare pulpit talents, and his career has been

a most successful and useful one. Starting out from the seminary, he began his ministerial labors in a missionary parish in the town of Lyons, Western New York, where he was instrumental in gathering a congregation and building a neat and tasteful church; from thence he was called to the church at Geneva. From Geneva he received a call to the Parish of St. Paul's Church, New Haven, Conn. This was a field peculiarly adapted to a minister possessing his fine imaginative and descriptive talents, and attractive oratory. He soon became very popular. His church was largely frequented by students, and rich spiritual blessings attended his labors. From New Haven, he received a call to St. Bartholomew's Church, and devoted his time and faithful labors to the spiritual welfare of this church, which stood for many years on the corner of Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street but was subsequently abandoned for the present church, standing on the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-Third Street. Few men have maintained for so many years such a faithful and useful record as Dr. Cooke.

It has been our privilege, likewise, on one or two occasions, to attend the services on Sunday at St.

Thomas's Church, corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street. This splendid and imposing church stands on the most commanding and elevated part of Fifth Avenue. Its interior adornments, its fine paintings within the chancel, its magnificent organ-music, its exquisite steeple-chimes, all contribute to make St. Thomas's Church a most attractive spot to the Sunday church-goer and worshiper, and the church is always well filled.

The rector, Dr. Morgan, is a man of excellent character, justly esteemed for his long and faithful services. His white and flowing locks give him a most venerable appearance. His age does not seem, as yet, to detract much from his popularity, and this is made up by the very acceptable services and popular talents of his assistant, the Rev. J. Macay Smith. He is fortunate, certainly, in having so desirable and acceptable a coadjutor and fellow-laborer in the church. What a most interesting past does the history of this church present! When St. Thomas's Church stood on the corner of Broadway and Houston Street, it was attended for years by crowds of eager and interested listeners during the ministry of Dr. Hawks. None who ever listened to his wonder-

ful oratory could easily forget him. The pews, aisles and galleries of the church were always full, leaving no standing-room.

Among the great distinguished pulpit orators of the past, who can cease to remember the names of Dr. Higbie ; Dr. Haight, of Trinity Church—now passed away ; the elder Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, too, still living to a good old age at his home on the Hudson ? Few men have left such a striking and indelible impression on the community as Dr. Tyng. It is said that when a young man, while preaching in a small, inconsiderable parish in Virginia, he received a call to a large church in Philadelphia. A number of the parishioners hearing of it, fearing lest he might not be able to satisfy the expectations of so important and large a parish, sent him a paper, signed by sixty heads of families, advising him not to accept the call. Dr. Tyng, on receiving the document, immediately resolved that he *would accept it*, saying that if sixty persons opposed, that would determine him to go and see if he could not make them think differently. He went, and soon satisfied their highest expectations. From this large and growing parish Dr. Tyng came to the City of New York, assuming the rectorship of St. George's Church, which had been made vacant

by the much lamented death of Dr. Milnor. The success which attended his labors was most remarkable, and soon resulted in the abandonment of old St. George's Church in Beekman Street, and the erection of a more spacious edifice on the corner of Sixteenth Street, facing Stuyvesant Square. Multitudes now living can recall the remarkable public addresses and powerful platform speeches which he formerly made in behalf of various religious and charitable institutions, such as the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society and in behalf of temperance and moral reform. On all such occasions his efforts were master-pieces of argument and reasoning, such as made a most telling impression upon his auditors.

Among the other objects, the visitor to the city will not fail to notice the imposing St. Patrick's Cathedral, standing on the crown of the hill on Fifth Avenue. Its vast roof, and towers, and buttresses of white marble, arrest the eye of the passer-by, and crowds may be seen entering its open doors daily. Following up Madison Avenue, beyond the site of the Cathedral, you pass by quite a number of fine churches ; such, for example, as the church of the Rev. Dr. Sabine—Reformed Episcopal—a very chaste

and beautiful house of worship ; the Rev. Dr. Robinson's—Presbyterian ; the Rev. Dr. Reed's—Dutch Reformed Church.

The Church of the Holy Spirit, the Rev. Dr. Gilbert, pastor, is an Episcopal church, and one of the most beautiful structures on the avenue. It is richly ornamented, has a fine organ, with good music, and its pastor is a useful and acceptable preacher. The new Methodist church, corner of Sixtieth Street, is a very ornate, stylish church—sufficiently so to suit the most fastidious class of worshipers. There is one more church, called the Church of the Beloved Disciple, near Eighty-sixth Street, the Rev. Mr. Warner, rector. It was built and endowed by a lady, Miss Caroline Talman. Monuments to the deceased members of the Talman family stand in the wall on the side of the church. The music, by choir-boys, is well conducted and impressive, and the rector preaches an excellent, practical sermon, without notes.

One day we crossed and entered Central Park by the entrance not far from Eighty-second Street, which brings you to the Museum and Art Gallery, and in front of the famous Obelisk brought from the River Nile, in Egypt. Upon it you may read the old inscriptions and see the sacred birds, and as you

look at the tall, massive stone column, you wonder how it could have been brought such a distance—all the way from the Nile. The Art Gallery and Museum are well worth visiting. Many rare old pictures adorn the Gallery. The lover of art and antiquity might spend days in examining them and the rare curiosities of the Museum. Leaving these, we strolled down through the avenues of the Park, stopping to examine the many statues which have been erected here and there to the memory of great historical personages, such as Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, Humboldt, Robert Burns, Moore, FitzGreene Halleck and others. The lake, the shaded avenues and wooded lawns of the Park afford delightful breathing-places to the citizens of New York during the Spring and Summer months.

To-day being Easter Sunday, we went forth beneath a bright and joyous sunshine to commemorate the grand and glorious festival of the Resurrection. The services, which were deeply interesting, were held in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, the Rev. Dr. Howland being rector. This is certainly a most attractive church. The large, full-sized picture of the Saviour occupying the whole space in the chancel below the elegant stained window, is very impressive, and seems to invite the worshiper to that

heavenly rest which He came to bestow on all who will follow Him and walk in His blessed footsteps. The rector who founded this beautiful church, which stands on Fifth Avenue, near Forty-fifth Street, is now in impaired health. But he is ably assisted by the Rev. D. P. Morgan, a most earnest and eloquent preacher. Many are being drawn to the church and benefited by his impressive style of preaching. A band of choir-boys give excellent music, and the prospects of this church for the future look very encouraging.

XIII.

I HAVE, in former letters, spoken of such topics as “The Bible” and “The Church.” In the following letter I will speak of home. And oh ! what a magic and powerful influence does that simple word, home, exert upon the human heart ! The first home was in Eden, and was formed by the Creator Himself, and consisted of Adam and Eve, who walked forth in loving communion, fresh from the Creator’s hand ; and so this divine appointment of the domestic institution of home in Paradise has outlived the convulsions of kingdoms and the destruction of empires. The early training and instruction of the mother at home by the cradle and fireside help, more than anything else, to frame those habits of character and conduct which form the future man, and remain with him as governing principles of conduct in after life, long after that Christian mother may have moldered into dust. The greatest of earthly sovereigns, Napoleon, when speaking of the power of mothers in the home-circle to shape a nation’s destiny, once said, “The great need of France is mothers.” And Mohammed

expressed forcibly the same truth when he said,
“Paradise is at the feet of mothers.”

There is no overestimating the importance of our early childhood home—the centre of the purest and most tender affection—where every good and holy principle has been cultivated by a mother’s hand, and whence so many of the great and good in all ages have come to bless the world. Oh! how does the memory of our early home, its dear inmates, its fire-side surroundings, and, above all, the picture of one who with a patient devotion and meek endurance, ever watched and guarded our steps, and dismissed us at twilight’s evening hour with a prayer and a blessing—oh! how, I say, does the memory of such scenes shine in the past like a bright star and encourage us along life’s weary, toilsome pathway

Ah! there is wonderful truth and force in those beautiful lines of Fanny I. Crosby :

“’Tis whispered in the ear of God ;
’Tis murmured through our tears ;
“’Tis linked with happy childhood days
And blessed in riper years.

“That hallowed word is ne’er forgot,
No matter where we roam—
The purest feelings of the heart
Still cluster round our home.

“Dear resting-place, where weary Thought
May dream away its care,
Love’s gentle star unveils her light,
And shines in beauty there.”

Let me proceed now to state what ought to be the *characteristics of every true home* ; and—

1. *It ought to be a Christian home.*

There can be no well-regulated home without piety, without religion, without the love and fear of Almighty God. The divine origin of the home and the family, the divine sanction thrown around it, and the divine laws written down in God’s Book for the regulation and perpetuity of the marriage relation, all go to show that the only true conception of an earthly home as it should be is a Christian home. And yet, how many are there who, it is to be feared, enter into this most serious and solemn of all conditions, involving human happiness and human destiny, from the most frivolous considerations ; to gratify some foolish whim or fancy, some impulse of passion, or, from mercenary motives, they barter away their hearts’ best affections for gold, and soon they wake up from their frivolous dream and delusion only to realize the sternness of the compact upon which they have entered, and to find, when too late, that they have made the one grand mistake of their lives, and

entailed upon themselves a consequent wretchedness, from which there is no remedy, no refuge but the grave!

Better remain as you are, alone, than to run such a fearful risk as that of assuming the marriage vow hastily and foolishly, from sentimental fancy or blind passion. Most deplorable will be the consequences if you exclude religious considerations from that most sacred compact. Both reason and Scripture unite to protest against the union of a believer with an unbeliever, and exhort us to “marry only in the Lord.”

There must be kindness, gentleness, meekness, forbearance, ministries of love and Christian affection toward one another—not only on the part of parents toward each other, but also toward children. By the influence of early teaching and example, the character is formed and the child acquires those traits and qualities which shape and form its character. Christianity must begin at home. If it is not there, it is nowhere. The most important question is not, Does the minister wear a gown or a surplice? Do you attend religious meetings and get up church-fairs? but, *What are you at home?* Is home a better and happier place for your living in it? Ah! there is many a gorgeous mansion, many a home of palatial grandeur, adorned with artistic beauty; but

its halls are the abodes of fretfulness—discord, and mutual distrust breathe over its sumptuous apartments like a robed skeleton. There is no Christianity there—no heartfelt principle of piety, no faith in God in that household. If you would, therefore, make home the happiest place—the source of the sweetest consolation; if you would have your children prove a blessing, and not a curse, see to it that you first, and above all, make your home a *Christian home*.

2. In the next place, notice *another characteristic* of a true home. *It should be a cheerful home.*

Henry Ward Beecher says: “A man’s house or home should be on the hilltop of cheerfulness and serenity—so high that no shadows rest upon it. The morning comes so early, the evening tarries so late, that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house or home is in some valley of grief, between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest day. Home should be the centre of joy, equatorial and tropical.”

There is much truth stated here. A Christian home ought, above all, to be a place of cheerfulness. It is a libel on religion to suppose that it consists in an austere manner, and a sad countenance, and going through life with downcast looks, whining and fretting, and forever singing penitential psalms. The

Saviour Himself, though a man of sorrows, yet joined in the innocent festivities of a wedding, and converted the water into wine. It would be derogatory to the character of our Father and Creator to suppose that He intended that his children in this world should not participate in life's innocent pleasures and enjoyments. On the contrary, it is a command and a duty enjoined upon Christians, "Rejoice always; and again I say rejoice." And again, it is said, "A cheerful heart doeth good like a medicine." "Young men," said Dr. Griffin to a class of theological students, "I wish to teach you the Christian duty of laughing."

If you would make your home what it ought to be, cultivate this habit of cheerfulness; throw bright gleams of sunshine by your smiles and kind words amid the family group, as they gather round the evening fireside. Smiles cost but little, but remember they bring encouragement, and, like the gentle Summer rain upon the flowers, so do they scatter fragrance and beauty over life's pathway. Such a home, no matter how humble it may be, when thus made cheerful and glad with kind words, will be the *one spot* toward which the hearts of its inmates will turn lovingly, in after years, as the dearest spot beneath the sun.

3. Another thing which ought to be a characteristic of a true home : *It should be a healthy home.* This is likewise a matter of great importance, and too often neglected. How can you expect your home to be cheerful and pleasant when its inmates are sickly and puny and weak ? *Mens sana in corpore sano*—a sound mind in a sound body. If you would have healthful emotions of the mind—if you would have pure, transparent thoughts, take care of the body, and obey strictly the laws that pertain to your physical well-being. The great and good Book says : “I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies—a living sacrifice—holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.” It is a religious duty, then, to observe the laws of health, and take care of the body. And in order to do this, people must have knowledge ; they must be instructed as to that monument of wonderful divine skill, the human body—the nature and adaptation of all its parts, and the means of their preservation ; they should be taught the need of exercise, pure air and pure water, pure sunshine, proper and thorough drainage of their homes, the proper observance of the laws of diet and bodily cleanliness—all these things are necessary to a true home. What matters it, though you live in a home of grandeur, or

in a gorgeous palace of Oriental splendor, and have every luxury and ornament which wealth can give, if there be not roseate health within? You may have homes graced with pictures, refined by books, beautified by flowers, but what will all these avail, if there be not there the joyousness and sweet treasure of health? You may ride in your magnificent coach to church, with your liveried servants, and walk up the aisle in gorgeous, rustling silks, but what will it all avail if there be no roseate tint of health on the human face divine?

XIV.

IN the following letter it will be my aim to present some brief recollections of two very distinguished Episcopal clergymen. The *first* is that of Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D. When I first knew him he was preaching in Trinity and St. Paul's churches, in New Haven, as assistant to the Rev. Dr. Croswell. But it was not long before he accepted a call to Philadelphia as assistant to Bishop White in St. James' church. In 1831 he became rector of St. Stephen's church, New York, and in the following year of St. Thomas' church, on the corner of Broadway and Houston street. This was the scene of Dr. Hawks' most eloquent efforts as a preacher. He was also a powerful speaker in the conventions and councils of the church.

His gifts as an orator surpassed, I think, those of any speaker I ever heard. Great numbers flocked to his church from all parts of the city and beyond it, and all were moved and entranced by his effective preaching. His deep, broad and impressive tones in reading the service of the Episcopal Church



THE REV. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D.D., LL.D.,
OF NEW YORK.



arrested the attention. His imagination would carry them captive, and his pathos would move them to tears. No greater pulpit orator ever graced the Episcopal Church. Besides, he was deeply learned and skilled in the knowledge of canon law and church history.

After Dr. Hawks left St. Thomas' church he became rector of Calvary church, corner of Twenty-first street and Fourth avenue, where he remained for five years. During the civil war Dr. Hawks preached in Baltimore. He then returned to New York, where he ministered in a church built for him by friends and admirers. Increasing years and bodily infirmities impaired his energies, and soon after, in 1865, he departed this life, leaving behind him a well-earned fame. He was a thoroughly evangelical preacher, and a warm advocate of the polity of the Episcopal Church. He preached the pure gospel, viewing man as a lost sinner, with no hope or refuge but in Christ. His last utterance was: "I cling to the cross of Jesus as my only hope." More than once he declined an important bishopric, and his literary remains include several volumes.

The *second* is that of Bishop Hobart. Bishop John Henry Hobart was a most energetic, talented, and popular divine, who did more, perhaps, than any

other prelate to advance the interests and prosperity of the Episcopal Church in this country. He was of English descent, born in Philadelphia Sept. 14, 1775. His early education and training devolved very much upon his mother, who seems to have been a woman of fine abilities and many accomplishments. He entered the grammar school in Philadelphia and subsequently graduated at Princeton College, where he was appointed tutor in the year 1796.

He studied theology under the direction of Bishop White, by whom he was ordained deacon in June, 1798. He spent some time in the discharge of his duties as rector of St. George's parish, Hempstead, L. I. By this time he had become a man of mark, and exhibited such extraordinary pulpit powers that the attention of more important congregations was drawn to him. He received a call to St. Mark's church in the City of New York, which was soon followed by a still more important call to become assistant minister of Trinity church. He filled this position with great and increasing popularity from about the year 1801 to 1811, when, in consequence of the failing health and infirmities of Bishop Moore, he was elected, almost unanimously, Bishop of the diocese of New York. Thus was it that Bishop Hobart rose from one position to another until he



THE RIGHT REV. JOHN HENRY HOBART, D.D., LL.D.,

THIRD BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

reached the highest pinnacle of power and influence in the American Episcopal Church. How well, and successfully, he discharged the important trust history testifies. He not only administered his functions as bishop with great care and unfaltering zeal and promptitude, but he also carried his labors into other vacant dioceses, particularly New Jersey and Connecticut. He helped to establish in New York City the General Theological Seminary and published many books and controversial writings in defence of Church doctrine and polity.

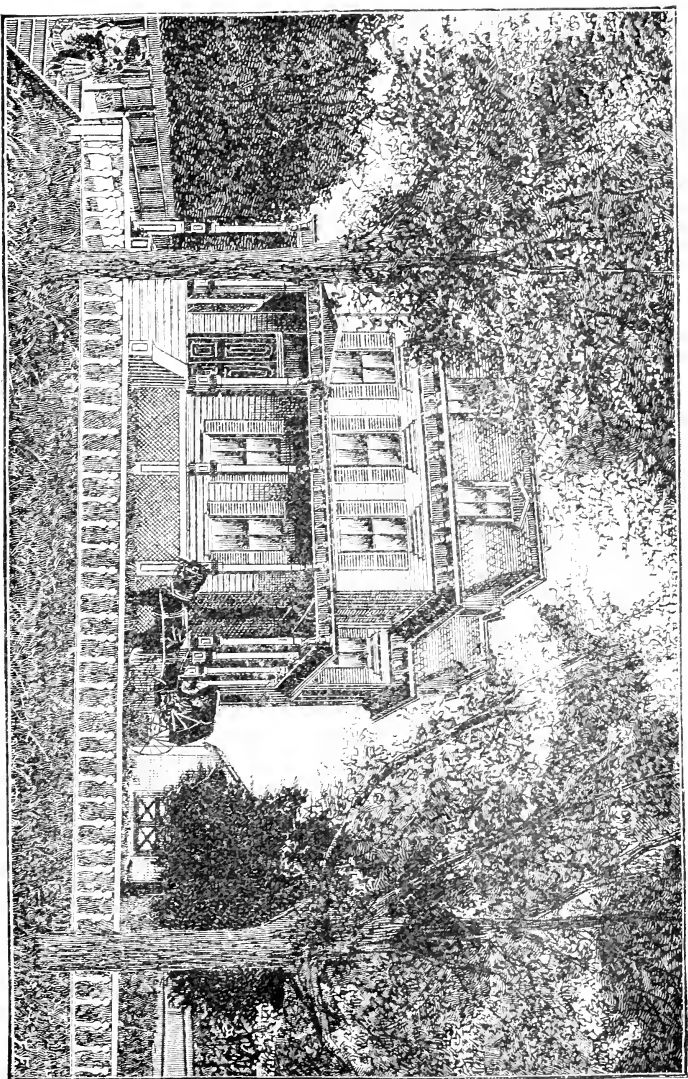
The accumulating labors of Bishop Hobart began at length to make serious inroads upon his constitution, and it was thought advisable for him to visit Europe, which he did in 1822, travelling through England, Scotland, Wales, France, Switzerland and Italy. In all these countries he was received with marks of favor, and returned home in 1824 with renewed health. He still continued to labor on, in his accustomed round of duties, in frequent visitations of his parishes. I can recall some of his visitations to my father's parish at Bedford, N. Y. I remember his intellectual face and keen eye, which betokened great earnestness and intensity of thought, and how powerfully and impressively he conveyed his thoughts to the minds of his hearers. While he

was making one of these visitations in the parish of his friend Dr. Rudd, at Auburn, N. Y., in the year 1830, he was prostrated with a sudden illness, which proved to be his last. His death made a most profound impression throughout the country. Many funeral orations and commemorative discourses were preached, and no less than thirteen of them were published in his memoir.

XV.

WE have just returned from the city, after a stay of something over two months, and are now back again in our lovely country home. While in the city our time was spent partly in attending to business and partly in the enjoyment of the kindly hospitality and intercourse of friends and relatives. We stopped a part of the time not far from the residence of General Grant, in Sixty-sixth Street. Of course our very contiguity to this distinguished man—so justly esteemed for his great services to his country, and so universally sympathized with during his long and painful illness—served to increase the interest we felt in him; and we eagerly perused the morning and evening papers to learn the latest news concerning the health of the old hero of our Civil War. As I said before, we are back again within our Summer home. It is a bright and beautiful morning in the leafy month of June. The sun has arisen, and is marching along the blue heavens, pouring his cheering beams upon the landscape. A soft, gentle breeze rustles amid the trees. All

nature is dressed in its loveliest attire; the air is redolent with the perfume of flowers; the sweet notes of the robins and blue-birds fall soothingly on the ear. Our cottage is pleasantly located on a gentle slope of ground, and stands on a fine avenue, which is lined on either side with tall, graceful elms. With its green, shaded lawn in front, its veranda covered with honeysuckles, and its roses and many-hued flowers and shrubs, it is a pleasant country home. There are many beautiful drives all about us. This morning, let us go, if you will, to "Keyser Island"—so named from its proprietor. It is a favorite drive with people here, and lies down by the waters of Long Island Sound. After a few miles' ride through the town and its outskirts, we cross a salt marsh and then come upon the island, on which there is a handsome residence, with cultivated grounds, fruit-trees, a variety of shrubbery, and some fine pieces of statuary ornamenting the walks. The road winds around the island on the edge of the water. As we drive along, we see the mossy rocks and hear the plashing waves as they dash against the pebbly beach. In sight are several wooded islands, with their habitations, for which this coast is remarkable. Out upon the water may be seen many sail-boats and little oyster-craft. Out



WALDEGRAVE COTTAGE, NORWALK, CONN.

upon these very waters where our eyes now rest, in the month of July, 1779, a British ship came to anchor, and its forces, disembarking, proceeded under Tryon, up to the town, which was then a small hamlet of a few houses, and burned them to the ground. What a contrast between that scene and the one presented at this day of a thriving city of fifteen thousand inhabitants !

There are scenes and events in our lives which leave unusually interesting memories behind them. One of these is the recollection of college life at Yale. Who could ever forget the morning when he started, followed by a mother's tender smile, and a father's blessing, for the distant college, to enter for the first time its academic halls, to pass his examination in presence of the august members of the faculty, and then to step forth with the proud feeling that his name has been enrolled as one of the Freshman class. I can well recollect how elated I was as I left the building and walked down under the elms, through the college grounds, looking with interest into the faces of my class-mates whom I had met. Who can forget the old familiar haunts, the recitation rooms, the oft-frequented library, the cabinet, the Trumbull gallery with its fine paintings, including the portraits of the faculty and the striking fam-

ily picture of Bishop Berkeley ? Could one forget the splendid lectures of Professors Benjamin Silliman, Olmstead, Goodrich, or the meetings and exercises of the various literary societies ? Could any one forget Commencement Day, when, standing on the stage, amid men of learning and renown, and in presence of anxious relatives and friends, he delivered his allotted speech, and then took his final departure, bidding farewell to college life and college companions ? With all these scenes fresh in our minds, we come back to-day to meet the small remnant of our class left, after fifty years spent in the pleasures and toils of professional life. To-day we took the cars at an early hour for New Haven, arriving about half-past ten A.M., thus giving us time to rest a while, dine at our hotel, and take a short ramble through the beautiful city, and view once more the ever favorite halls of Yale. There stand the same time-worn structures we remember, but with them are many new ones, fine noble edifices, such as the Sheffield Scientific School and the Art Gallery, the Marquand Chapel, the new dormitories, and various buildings for scientific and literary purposes.

The hour having arrived for our meeting, we proceeded to the hospitable home of Professor

Thatcher, the class-secretary. It was the identical house so long occupied and blessed by the presence of that good man, President Day. Judge of our surprise, on entering the professor's study, to find there gathered no less than twenty men out of thirty-five survivors of a class of seventy-five who graduated at Yale in the year 1835. What a mile-stone this is in life's journey! What a hill-top to reach and stand on for a moment, while we look back over the rough roads and sharp, sunny peaks we have left behind us! We can scarcely expect to have another gathering like this; certainly we cannot see all these faces again. But though old in appearance they are young in heart and cherish a fond affection for each other and their Alma Mater. There were present Professor Thatcher, so long and so deservedly held in high esteem for his services as Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in Yale College (now Emeritus); Professor Brocklesby, of Hartford, Conn., who has filled, with great credit to himself and Yale, the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Trinity College for forty years; the Rev. Mr. Sherman, a missionary for many years in Palestine; the Rev. Dr. Cheeseborough, of Saybrook, Conn.; the Rev. A. M. Colton, of East Hampton, Mass. (the two latter having resigned their parishes at the age of

seventy); the Rev. Mr. Butler, of Dorchester, Mass. Besides these there were present the Rev. Dr. Howard, of Buffalo, N. Y., an Episcopal clergyman, and the Rev. George W. Nichols, also a clergyman of the Church, formerly of Brooklyn, now of Norwalk, Conn.; also several distinguished physicians, Dr. Robinson, of Concord, Mass.; Dr. Dimon, of Auburn, N. Y.; Dr. Josiah Abbott, of Winchester, Mass.; Dr. Daniel L. Adams, of Ridgefield, Conn.; S. H. Galpin, of Washington, D. C.; Edmund White, of New York; Amos Pettingell, of Philadelphia, a successful teacher of the deaf and dumb; O. B. Loomis, of New York, a painter of note; J. F. Seymour, of Onondaga, N. Y., a distinguished lawyer, who has held several public offices, and is a brother of Governor Seymour, of New York. So that it will be seen that the class of 1835 presents a record of useful work. We listened with deep interest to the accounts which each member of the class gave of himself, heard letters read from absent ones, examined their photographs, etc., until a late hour in the evening, and then, after a bountiful repast, we separated for our homes. It was an occasion never to be forgotten.



XVI.

REMINISCENCES OF OUR LATE CIVIL WAR.

(No. 1.)

Now that our country has fairly recovered from the disasters of the late Civil War, and peace, happiness and prosperity have dawned upon us, we naturally look back with deep interest to whatever may have occurred during that eventful period. At that time the writer was living in the City of Brooklyn, and can well remember the deep and absorbing interest with which its loyal citizens watched the issue of the great struggle then going on for the triumph of the Union Army and the supremacy of the one true, loyal flag of the country. It was not until the first gun was fired at Sumter, across the waters of Charleston Harbor, that the nation became aroused from its slumber, and the fire of true patriotism was kindled in the breast of her sons. Political differences were forgotten, and loyal hearts all over the length and breadth of the land—some from the green mountains of Vermont, some from the granite hills of New Hampshire, some from the Empire State,

and others from the distant prairies of the West—all these flew to the rescue of one common heritage, and rallying around the Stars and Stripes, fought bravely for our precious liberties and that noble Constitution bequeathed to us by our Revolutionary forefathers. That was a most eventful period—February 11th, 1861—when President Lincoln left his peaceful home, in Springfield, Ill., for the turmoil and strife, the cares and anxieties, of his Presidential career at Washington. Nothing but the most devoted patriotism and self-sacrifice for the good of his country could have prompted Lincoln to assume the fearful responsibilities of the Presidential office in this most perilous period of our national history. In the face of a gigantic rebellion, with the whole South arrayed against the Government, and bent with fierce determination to uphold the iniquitous system of slavery and destroy the Union, yet Lincoln went boldly forth to meet the issue, and to preserve, defend and protect the Union. And on the 4th of March, 1861, as he stood on the steps of the Capitol, delivering his Inaugural Address, he speaks thus to his hostile countrymen in closing that memorable document: “You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while

I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

It was at the very darkest hour of the Rebellion, when it seemed almost doubtful whether the North or the South would gain the final victory, and President Lincoln issued his memorable proclamation, enjoining upon the people the day of fasting, humiliation and prayer—it was, I say, at this most serious and solemn period of that conflict that the writer, being then in temporary charge of St. John's Church, Brooklyn, delivered a discourse, which was in substance reported in the daily *Eagle* as follows:

"In the day of adversity consider." *Ecclesiastes vii. 4.*

The preacher began by commending the proclamation for a fast on the part of the President and Congress. It seemed to indicate that we were looking to the right source for help, and while using all

proper means, and employing our material resources as a nation to preserve our liberties, while we place a due estimate on the counsels of our leaders, and the valor of our armies, we, at the same time, do not forget our dependence on that God who made the heavens and the earth, and who reigns in righteousness over the nations. It is appropriate that we speak of this as a day of adversity. There are questions which the nation should seriously consider:

1. We should consider what is the cause of the calamities that have come upon the nation. The sole cause is our national sins. We have been forgetful of God, and have attributed all our success and prosperity to our own efforts, unaided by His blessing. An inordinate love of self has led us to become discontented, to become extravagant, and to seek after empty honors. Our love of wealth has led to political bribery and corruption. It has prevailed among all ranks. In our halls of legislature, instead of statesmen working nobly for the public good, we have had politicians and hunters for office. Our rulers have been purchased for money, our laws have been enacted for money. Many other sins might be enumerated. Profanity has been widespread and shameless. Intemperance has been a common sin, and the minds of the people have been

poisoned by baleful and licentious literature. We should realize the truth that God actually governs the world. The events of the last two years have taught us that God does reign and rule, not only in the affairs of individuals, but in the affairs of the great world, and in the movements of nations. Two years ago we had a good Constitution and good laws. We have lived to find that Constitution and those laws powerless to save us ; to find that only God can sustain our republican institutions and government. God sends affliction and calamity upon people, that they may learn wisdom. And if, from this desolating war, we learn the lessons of truth that it teaches us, we shall be saved, and still have a name and place among the nations of the earth. God never cast off a nation that adhered to His laws. We should therefore consider—

2. So as to improve this affliction. If our attachment and idolatry to worldly wealth are not shaken by these heavy blows from God's hand ; if, with our armies thinned and melting away, and the land dotted over with patriotic graves ; if, from an unexampled career of prosperity we have been plunged into the lowest depths of national distress and national suffering ; if thousands of our neighbors and friends, kindred, companions, have fallen upon the

field of strife, and shed their precious blood upon the battle-field ; if, notwithstanding we have been visited with judgment, we go on sinning more, and still continue to vaunt ourselves upon our strength and power, cherishing self-confidence and impiety ; if, in our national halls of Congress, we still continue to transact our business with an obstinate and thorough independence, as though we had made a deep-rooted resolve that the God who made us should be excluded from its councils ; if, with such a broad empire as this, with influences extending to the furthest ends of the earth, with a language spoken in remote lands and continents ; instead of being faithful to its lofty trust and the high vantage-ground which we occupy as one of the great Christian nations, if we forsake our high vocation, and still give ourselves up to the idolatry of self ; if we continue to defile the skirts of our garments with political bribery and corruption, then will God ere long deepen His heavy judgments upon us, and sweep us away from the face of the earth into a dishonored grave. Let the Gospel be fully acted on and believed, and exemplified in the earnest lives and deeds of the people, and, in spite of every storm upon the seas, and every cloud upon the firmament, our foundation shall be upon the everlasting mountains, our Constitution shall

stand firm upon the rock of truth and justice, and that flag which we all have loved, and which we love still, and shall love till we die, shall come forth stainless from the strife to endure like the stars in heaven, and continue to float henceforth in the sunlight and on the breeze over a peaceful, united, free and regenerated land.

XVII.

REMINISCENCES OF OUR LATE CIVIL WAR.

(No. 2.)

OUR late struggle for life and liberty was a fearful one. It involved the solution of that great problem of American statesmanship, how to get rid of slavery and yet preserve the life of the Nation. This was accomplished, thanks to God, through the instrumentality of such men as Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses Grant, and other distinguished generals, and the good and faithful service of brave men and valiant soldiers from every quarter of the land, who rose at the call of duty, and, animated by the spirit of true patriotism, went forth to protect and preserve the goodly heritage bequeathed to us by our forefathers. Our late contest was not a simple contest of brute force between North and South, an effort to see which could subjugate and conquer the other. It was a contest for the rights of humanity; a contest for universal liberty in its broadest sense; a contest to preserve unimpaired the union of these States. Through all the trouble and conflict, through all the

sacrifices and toils of this long, wasting civil war ; during the four years in which our business and industries were interrupted, and our wealth poured out freely to maintain our soldiers—during all the fearful woes and sufferings which accompanied this mighty struggle, let us not forget that it was for liberty, for righteousness, for the glory and protection of our free institutions that we fought. And who shall say that all this was too great a sacrifice of time, and money, and life, to accomplish so great and grand a result ? Time was when we felt ashamed of our boasted freedom, when we felt ourselves under necessity of apologizing for the foul blot on our escutcheon : human slavery. But now, thanks be to God ! we can stand up before the nations of the world and feel that we are free. The Rebellion was strongly entrenched, and boasted of its invincibility and power, and slavery was its corner-stone, with all its iniquities and crimes. No wonder that this nation experienced such a baptism of fire, and such fearful woes and sufferings during this conflict. I remember those days of darkness and those fearful clouds which gathered so thick and dismal about our political horizon, when every good, loyal citizen stood awed with terror, and awaited with fear and trembling each telegram as it came bearing news

from the distant battle-fields; when even some of our clergy at the North began to falter in their patriotism and waver in their faith in our final triumph. It was at this critical juncture in our national affairs that the writer penned the following article, published in the *Evening Post* of January 26th, 1865, entitled "Political Preaching," and designed to rebuke the want of patriotism on the part of our clergy:

"To the Editors of the Evening Post: Much has been said of late about political preaching. With your permission, I would like to say a word or two on this important subject. I am as much opposed as any one to making the pulpit an arena for political contests, for controlling political elections, and building up political parties. The pulpit should always hold forth the Gospel; but the pulpit is no place, in a time like this, to be dumb and silent, or neutral, without one word of sympathy for our suffering country. The minister of Christ ought to show himself to be a patriot. If he does not, he sets himself against the example of the Saviour who once stood weeping over Jerusalem, and who told the Sadducees 'Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and unto God the things that be God's.'

When I see many clergymen, as I have seen—some in the Episcopal Church, and perhaps others of different Churches—refusing to offer the prescribed prayer for the President of the United States, for the officers and soldiers of our armies, it seems to me that such clergymen disgrace themselves and the religion they profess. One clergyman, in the city of New York, not long ago, delivered and published a sermon, whose aim was to try to convince the people that in such a terrible crisis as this, when our nation is struggling for life, when traitors and madmen are striking their deadly blows at the great fabric of our civil government, prostrating all law and order, and striving with impious hands, to overturn the Constitution and the Union, and bury them under the wreck of the Republic—*at such a time*, I say, this ingenuous, wise theologian, this exceedingly nice ecclesiastic, argues that the minister of Christ must keep a close mouth, must stand entirely aloof from the great national struggle. One reason he sets forth is: ‘We can’t see into the future, and we don’t know but it may be God’s will that our poor nation may be severed in twain, and as we might make a mistake in not counseling our people aright, therefore we had better keep still’!

“Wonderful logic and skill that, to show to an

audience of intelligent Christian American people that they needn't trouble themselves about their country. Oh, shame! it is no wonder that the people have no sympathy with such reasoning as this, and that they cherish nothing but the most profound contempt for all those so-called ministers who cannot read the prayers appointed to be read; cannot pray for the President, for the officers, and the poor, suffering soldiers of our Army; who cannot open their mouths and speak a word of encouragement in behalf of those struggling, dying heroes, because, forsooth, *it would be preaching politics*.

"I have heard, and I must say, with unfeigned pleasure, that many of these disloyal clergymen have been well punished by numbers of their congregations withdrawing from their churches. I am glad of it. The love of country is so instinctive in man's heart, that it is not matter for wonder that at such a trying hour as this the people should rise up and rebuke the proud selfishness and the secret treason of their religious teachers.

"For my part, I listen to no man's preaching who cannot pray for his Government and country, and for those heroic ones who, rather than see their country die, have been willing to die themselves. Some of these men are wonderfully sagacious as to

what constitutes political preaching. They do not say a word in their sermons from one year's end to another about their country, its weal or its woe ! They never drop a syllable of sympathy for the poor soldier, because, forsooth, it would be *preaching politics*, and they might thereby, perhaps, soil their priestly garments. Is it not to be feared that this idea is only a cloak under which to hide their own downright disgraceful disloyalty and hostility to the country that feeds and protects them ? What is political preaching ? Do not some men, and some ministers, make a mistake as to what religion is ? They seem to have the idea that it is something ethereal, unearthly—that it must be shut up and carefully confined to Sundays and saints' days—that its whole scope and design is to make men repeaters of a liturgy, singers of Psalms, recipients of sacraments, and to study the nicest exactness in outward forms, and not that it is a power which is to control man's life and actions. Everywhere, at home and abroad, in the social circle, in the store or the shop, and in the counting-room, Christianity, if I understand it aright, has a duty to perform to one's country as well as to one's God. I am thankful, for one, as an humble minister of Christ, that in these trying times we have had true and loyal men—ministers of God,

who have not been afraid, if you please to call it so, to *preach politics*; who have stood nobly by their country, and spoken words of cheer and comfort to our brave heroes and suffering soldiers; who have not feared the face of clay; who have exposed the poisonous fangs of that viper, slavery, which has fastened on our national vitals and threatened to destroy us. All honor to such men! God bless their memory!"

XVIII.

PROFESSOR THATCHER.

IN a recent number of *The New Englander and Yale Review* there appeared a memorial article, very excellent and well deserved, of Professor Thatcher, written by the late President Porter, of Yale, one who knew him well and was intimately associated with him in labors in the educational and literary departments of the college, and therefore eminently qualified to speak of him truthfully and intelligently. As a classmate and esteemed friend and admirer of the late professor, and his high, honorable career as a Christian man and eminent scholar, allow me to add a few thoughts which may interest, perhaps, the readers of these pages, and serve to strengthen and confirm the views already given to the public by President Porter in his admirable address, and add another tribute to the worth and excellence of a departed friend and classmate.

1. As a student at Yale, in the years 1832, 1833, 1834, and 1835, when I first formed the acquaintance

of Professor Thatcher, he comes back to me painted on memory's tablet, as a fine, fresh, manly youth, open-hearted, full of generous impulses, of cheerful and lively disposition, unselfish in his character, and pre-eminently calculated to win the esteem and love of all his classmates. He was a faithful and indefatigable student throughout his college course, and gained, as he richly merited, the high regard of his college instructors. His conscientious sense of rectitude and duty never allowed him, while in college, to be drawn into any misdeameanors such as might incur the displeasure of the Faculty. On the contrary, his mind was too pure and faithful for anything like this, and he despised all such unworthy acts. If there was *one trait* of character which seemed to stand out in bold relief, it was his utter want of selfishness, his kindness of nature and sympathy for others in their trials and misfortunes. I remember, while in college (it was during our Senior year), that there occurred a sudden death among our classmates. He was a youth of most prepossessing qualities of mind and heart, and was stricken down by a fell disease, and died suddenly, before any of his friends could reach him, and was watched over by strangers' eyes and ministered to by strangers' hands. A Miss Bacon, of New Haven, a sweet

poetess of that time, thus touchingly describes the sudden and untimely departure of our friend and classmate :

“ We'll not mourn for thee.

Ah! we remember, now, one look of thine—
A deep and holy look in that bright eye—
A glance of something from the inner soul
Which cannot die. 'Twas goodness; 'twas that pure
Sweet thing, that, in the dark and thirsty depths
Of being, like a bright well-spring, pouring o'er all
The soul, making all brilliant in the life
Eternal! Oh! we will not mourn for thee ;
The faces of thy home all radiant
With love, the clinging grasp of tenderness,
Were not for thee ; but, in the darkness strange
And 'mong those shadows, where no mother-love
Might press, there met thee One—no stranger He—
Ancient in loveliness. Thou knewest Him.
'Tis—'tis He—like old, familiar dreams.
That look is on thee. Thee He knowest too ;
The bitterness is over. 'Mid the clear twilight
Of those silent homes, where they that rest
With Jesus wait the day, by waters still,
Under soft shades, gently He leadeth thee.”

This event made a deep and solemn impression, in which the whole college seemed to participate, and called forth the generous and warm-hearted sympathies of us all, and of *none more* than our friend and classmate, Professor Thatcher, by whom he was highly esteemed.

2. Following our friend from his graduation at college, in 1835, we find him elected in 1838 to the office of tutor—an office which he held for the space of five years, discharging its onerous and responsible duties with such ability and success that, in the year 1843, the Faculty of the College resolved to promote him to the higher position of Professor of the Latin Language and Literature, which he held for a time in conjunction with the eminent Professor Kingsley, and soon after assumed the entire duties of that office. After first going abroad among the English and German universities, to learn what he could from their methods of instruction and training, he came back with new and enlarged views of education, buoyant with hope and courage, and, in 1845, gave himself up to his life-work with that ardor and zeal and devotion which marked his subsequent career. His fine scholarship, his skill, perseverance, patience and good judgment, united to make Professor Thatcher a most efficient and successful member of the College Faculty, while his knowledge of human nature, his nice discrimination and good nature, made him a wise administrator of discipline among the students. So that, while he was greatly esteemed by the Faculty of the College, he

was at the same time very popular among the undergraduates.

Thus it was that our friend rose, step by step, and by his own inherent powers, to that position of usefulness and power, which he held for so many years, as one of the learned and able body of professors whose names have adorned the annals of Yale University.

This brings me to speak briefly of Professor Thatcher—

3. As a most devoted friend of the college, for whose prosperity he toiled and labored incessantly for years. He seems to have had not only a great regard and strong attachment to Yale, as having been his *Alma Mater*, but to have also warmly espoused its interests and prosperity, and to have spent a great portion of his life in devising and carrying out plans for its financial improvement. Probably no one among the officers and friends of the college played a more active, disinterested and successful part in procuring those large and important benefactions which have been made to the college from time to time for the purpose of endowing professorships and erecting those new and elegant structures now visible on the college grounds. His

labors have been felt in all the departments of the college: in the academical, in the theological—which had a slow and struggling existence for a long period—in the school of fine arts, in the department of philosophy, in the Sheffield scientific school. His patient and persevering efforts, and his courteous and efficient intercourse with the donors of the munificent gifts made to the college, contributed greatly to his success, and have erected a worthy monument to his memory and character. These most devoted and unselfish labors for the prosperity of the college may be said to have extended over a period of at least forty years, and continued, in fact, up to almost the close of his life, as appears from a letter which he addressed to me within a few days of his death, and which reads as follows :

“NEW HAVEN, March 27th, 1886.

“MY DEAR CLASSMATE NICHOLS: Nothing but a great pressure of occupation could have prevented me from responding to your letter received some time since. Send me a copy of your new book entitled ‘Letters from Waldegrave Cottage.’ I shall expect it with great interest. You ask me, in your letters, ‘Why I do not write a book?’ I began well with my edition of ‘Cicero de Officiis,’ and rendered

some service, I would fain hope, by my edition of my other work. But I have been too much turned off from the press by other work for the college. But you know Socrates never wrote a book, yet Socrates contributed something to human civilization. So I write almost no books, like Socrates; and, unlike Socrates, I fail in making contributions to human civilization. If one imitates a great man like Socrates in one half of his career, is not that as much as a little man like me ought to undertake?"

Here Professor Thatcher speaks modestly of himself, but not as his friends would now speak. And I have often since thought how strikingly and painfully prophetic it was. He died ten days after.

And then he adds :

"You have heard of the death of Ayers, of our Class. Five have gone since the dawn of the day when we met last June—Ayers, Bullock, Gardner, Parish and Charles Wright. Whose is the next turn? Please acknowledge the receipt of this, and believe me,

Truly yours,

THOMAS A. THATCHER."

4. There is but one more characteristic of Professor Thatcher which is worthy of notice, upon which I

will briefly touch, and then draw this letter to a close; and that is *his very deep interest and sincere affection for all his classmates*. The hospitalities of his house in New Haven were always open to the stated meetings of the Class. He always acted as our secretary, keeping a full and accurate account of the Class, and gathered all information possible of each one, to be presented before those meetings. At our urgent request, he undertook the difficult and laborious work of publishing a Class record, which was done in the year 1881, and contains the names, not only of the graduates who completed the course, but of every one who had ever been connected with the Class, for a longer or shorter period, with particulars of each one's history, gathered from survivors, or friends of those who had left the Class, or had departed this life. This work involved much patience and persevering labor, and considerable correspondence; but it was all undertaken without fee or reward, and for the sake of the pleasure and satisfaction of our friends, to accomplish what he knew would be a most interesting and valuable work for all his classmates, and a source of increasing enjoyment to them in their future years. He thus expresses himself in the Preface to his work :

“The work of which I now present to you the re-

sult, I have greatly enjoyed ; for I have been brought face to face, so to speak, with all my classmates, and have had an interview with them, one by one. In many cases it has been the face of youth that has presented itself to my mind's eye—the face of Freshman or Sophomore, or, at the latest, the Senior—while I listened to the interesting story of a life ; for, in all this stretch of years, having remained unseen to us, they have, in their personal appearance, remained unchanged to our thoughts. But this has on some accounts been all the pleasanter, for the past has been recalled more vividly, and the fresh vigor and animation and beauty of youth have not put on wrinkles and gray hairs, and the incipient weakness of age.”

And finally, he thus brings his Preface to a close :

“And now, my dear friends, knowing you all better than I did a year ago, I subscribe myself, with increased affection, ever yours,

THOMAS A. THATCHER.”

XIX.

A LETTER TO THE HON. JOHN JAY.

HON. JOHN JAY:

My dear Sir,—As I look back over the past and call to mind the scenes and events of my early life, I cannot but think how often your honored name is associated with all those remembrances of childhood which we love to cherish, and all the more as life advances on towards its final termination.

Our acquaintance began very early, as your home and mine lay very near each other in the town of Bedford, New York. My father's church and parsonage were but two miles distant from the Jay homestead,—the home of your illustrious grandfather, which stood amid the hills and slopes of Westchester County, and to which he retired from life's busy cares that he might spend a serene and happy old age in the bosom of his family.

At the period of which I now speak, when we were boys together (both of us being then ten or twelve years old), your family consisted of "Governor Jay"

as he was then familiarly called, your father, Judge William Jay, and your mother, who was a sister of Professor John McVickar, of Columbia College, your aunts, Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay, your sisters and yourself. Your grandfather, whom I well remember, died when I was only twelve years old, in the month of May, 1829. He was buried from St. Matthew's Church, my father, the Rev. Samuel Nichols, D.D., officiating and preaching his funeral sermon, and his remains were interred in the old family vault in Rye, New York. I recollect the old chief-justice well,—his tall venerable form, his bright, placid countenance, his pleasing address. I remember how he prized my father's occasional visits at his house; how he would frequently sit down with him, after the evening meal, by the cheerful fireside and engage in animated conversation upon ordinary topics, and especially upon anything which pertained to the welfare of the Church, in which he always took a deep interest, and of which, while in life and health, he was a constant attendant. Your excellent father and mother and your aunts, Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay, and other members of the household,—of all these, though long since passed away, I have a distinct recollection, as, during the years 1829, 1830, and 1831, I was a daily visitor at your house, and daily

a pupil with yourself of the family school, then taught by a graduate of Yale. How familiar, even now, seem the faces which gathered there in the neat school-house every day, which stood in the edge of the woods just back of the homestead! I look back to those boyish school-days and to the inmates of that home, embowered with clambering vine and standing amid the cooling shades of the forest-trees, as among the most pleasant recollections of my life, and shall never cease to cherish gratitude that I have been permitted to know and enjoy communion and friendly intercourse with persons of such rare excellence of character as those to whom I have referred. That home was truly a home of intellectual and moral culture,—a home refined by books and works of taste and art,—a home of piety, where might be seen the beauty of love and the beauty of holiness. As we recall those days, those familiar lines of Woodworth come home to us with inimitable force and beauty,—

“How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view:
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew,
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father and the dairy-house nigh it.”

But while we cherish the memory of these scenes, we cannot forget that time and death have wrought great changes.

Your distinguished grandfather, John Jay (and it was my privilege to be among that small number now living who can speak of him as an eye-witness), who did so much to lay the foundation of this great republic,—a man of splendid statesmanship and incorruptible integrity,—a man known and read of all men as the staunch defender of truth and right, of unblemished character, both in public and private life,—has died and lives in history. Your father, also, a man of stern, unbending integrity, who was one of the first men in our land to expose by his keen logic and irresistible argument the corruption and evils of slavery, has died, bearing the reputation of an able advocate and learned judge, and his dust and that of his wife repose beside the old parish church at Bedford.

Your aunts of blessed memory, Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay, esteemed for their piety and good works, have also departed, leaving the fragrance of their noble examples as a bright heritage to the Church on earth; and I may count also among the number of departed ones, who was sometimes an inmate of your early home, Professor John McVickar, who

was an ornament to his profession, and of whom Bishop Coxe thus speaks: "He was one of the best preachers I heard in my early years, and his sermons, if not strictly what is called eloquent sermons, were most instructive, and were delivered from the pulpit with a critical use of language and a command of his subject which made me look up to him and feel what a glorious thing it is to be a minister of Christ."

All these worthy ones and choice spirits have left the home circle so familiar to us in our early days, and left us to admire their characters and walk in their footsteps. You and I, fast nearing the allotted span of three score years and ten, still live, and are permitted to look back over the long space of fifty years or more and witness the wonderful changes wrought in our republic, and which have sprung up from such feeble beginnings as were visible in our childish days.

We have lived to see the foresight and the far-reaching wisdom of your noble ancestors, and the complete triumph of those principles for which they contended so earnestly. It is, as it seems to me, no small privilege to be living at this auspicious time,—this wonderful era in our country's history, when we can look back upon that long, fearful struggle which

attended the late civil war, and which resulted in the overthrow of slavery and the union of these dis-severed States, and which brings us back to our wonted state of peace, unity and prosperity. Who can tell what a wonderful future is before us? and what wonderful progress this country is yet destined to make in art and science, and every great product of industry and genius? Permit me to congratulate you that you still live to witness all these wonderful changes and improvements made in civilization and human government. Not only so, but is it not also matter for rejoicing and thankfulness that the progress of Christianity has kept pace with this progress in human civilization, and that we have both lived to see that the march of Christianity has been onward, and that the moral and spiritual influences of God's divine truth have been and are permeating society, and overcoming vice and crime, intemperance and infidelity, and that, while there are social evils which tend to corrupt and destroy the human race, there yet remain the great Protestant bulwarks, the mighty hosts of Protestant Christians and Protestant Churches, all working with power and efficiency to purify, regenerate, and save the land. Let us be thankful for the progress and prosperity,

especially, which have marked our own Protestant and beloved Church. That Church was for a long period depressed. It made but little and difficult progress in the early days of the republic, when environed by the deep-rooted prejudices of colonial times; but, as the country has grown, and the Episcopal Church has become more widely known, large numbers from all over our country have been attracted to the fold. They have been favorably impressed by the chaste and beautiful order of our services, our inimitable liturgy, and our Protestant faith and doctrines as taught in our standards, and have come to rank with us and help on the great work of the world's evangelization and subjection to Him whose right it is to rule. If anything has been said in this brief letter to awaken your interest and impart the least pleasure and satisfaction as coming from an old schoolmate and friend of your early years, I shall be most happy; and so I conclude with sentiments of warm regard and the purest friendship.

Yours truly,

GEORGE W. NICHOLS.

WALDEGRAVE COTTAGE, NORWALK, CONN.

December 21, 1886.

XX.

REMINISCENCES OF YALE COLLEGE.

I WAS but a youth, being only a little past fourteen years, when I entered Yale College as a student, in the year 1831, fifty-seven years ago. What a long period of human life to look forward to, as well as to look back upon! I can scarcely realize it. How shall I ever forget that eventful autumn day, when leaving my home and father's parsonage, at Bedford, N. Y., I started forth on what was then considered a long and tedious journey, by the slow stage-coach (there were then no cars or steam-boats), with my well-packed trunk, not without some good things in it, and a Bible and Prayer-book, placed in it by a mother's loving hand, bound for the distant College, there to enter for the first time those academic halls of which I had heard such wonderful accounts in my younger days, to pass my examination in presence of the august members of the Faculty (I mean no disrespect), and thence to step forth from the College Chapel where our examination was held, with the proud conviction that I had stepped up several pegs

higher, above the ordinary ranks of humanity, and was now henceforth enrolled as one of the members of the Freshman Class. Oh! how relieved I was after passing successfully that examination, and how proud and elated, as I descended the steps of the College Chapel and strolled down arm in arm beneath the elms with one of my fellow-students, gazing ever and anon upon those wonderful College buildings, or upward into the strange faces of my new-made classmates.

I went back to my hotel, my mind busy trying to reconcile myself to my new situation; and proceeded the next day to select my room, which (if my memory serves me right) was No. 62, "North Middle College." Not without some misgivings and tender thoughts of home and the home circle, I proceeded to occupy my new abode. It was but a plain and humble apartment in a rough, old-fashioned brick structure, called "North Middle College." It looks now more forbidding than it did then, for those days were days of comparative poverty. The buildings were humble and poor; not much style or ornament about them. The college was poor, and the professors poor, I mean poorly paid; but still they were gifted, able and learned men in their professions.

But to proceed with the description of my room,

room-mate, etc. As I said before, my room was a humble apartment, scantily furnished, no carpet on the floor; a plain study-table made of pine, not mahogany, occupied the room, a few plain chairs, a wash-stand, bowl and pitcher, an oil lamp, and a Franklin stove for burning wood. I do not remember whether coal had been discovered in that far distant epoch; at any rate, if discovered it had not been brought into any extensive use. Once a week the janitor and sweeper would come round and remove the ashes, remarking at the same time mischievously, that "being an over-zealous Churchman he always kept Ash Wednesday every week."

And now as to my room-mate; who do you think he was? I will tell you; he was a portly man of giant proportions, with heavy black whiskers, possessed of great physical strength, and much my senior in years, a perfect contrast to a delicate youth like myself. The thought of making my abode with such a giant stranger was enough almost to frighten me, but being told that he was a Christian man, and peaceably disposed, this served to quiet my fears. His great physical developments soon gave my room-mate quite a distinction, and he was chosen bully of the Class. This was brought about in the following manner: The practice of "hazing" or smoking the

Freshmen by the Sophomores was then in vogue, and we had been suffering from these annoyances, and other indignities on the part of the Sophomores when my room-mate, who stood for some time quietly surveying the scene, suddenly arose, and seizing three of their number, gave them a most violent shaking up, and finally laid them prostrate in one promiscuous heap on the entry floor. The story how they came there was kept a profound secret by the victims, but my room-mate awoke the next morning an illustrious man; he was chosen bully, or head military and presiding officer of the class, and soon after inducted into that office with fitting honors.

But, oh! that College bell! who shall be able to forget its sharp ringing tones, which vibrated on the morning air, and summoned us all, at 5 in summer and 6 in winter, to daily morning prayers in the College chapel, and thence to the recitation-rooms, prepared or unprepared? Asleep or awake, you could hear that sound, summoning you by every stroke of that bell, and listen to that hurrying crowd of footsteps over the college grounds—many having hardly completed their toilets, running in haste to reach the Chapel before the beginning of the services; well knowing, that a failure to accomplish this would be attended by two marks, which the

ever watchful monitor inscribed against the name of the delinquent. And as to those recitations in the recitation-rooms, what shall I say in regard to them? If you knew each lesson, it was all very well, but if not—I have sometimes heard of “the anxious seat;” but it seemed to me, that if there ever was a *real anxious seat, it was that seat* in those recitation-rooms, when you sat there in suspense, knowing full well that you had not mastered your full lesson, and yet might be called up to recite, by the tutor, who drew his names promiscuously from his box. No doubt some of us thought then that these prompt habits and severe daily drillings of the recitation-rooms were a pretty hard method of acquiring knowledge, and that “much study was truly a weariness to the flesh.” But we have lived long enough, now, to know that our instructors were right in subjecting us to this College discipline, and that it is this discipline which has made us what we are to-day.

Scarcely had one year of College life rolled over our heads, ere our studies were subjected to a severe interruption by the appearance, for the first time in our country’s history, of that most dreadful scourge of humanity, the Asiatic cholera. This dread visitant first made its appearance, in the city of New

York, June 21, 1832. It swept over the land, carrying dismay and terror wherever it went—even amid the ranks of the medical faculty. Like all the principal cities, New Haven was visited by the scourge. The whole College became alarmed, and with the permission of the Faculty, most of the students dispersed to their homes. This gave me an unexpected and welcome opportunity of visiting the home of my father and mother, at Bedford, New York. The welcome faces, the pleasant surroundings and old accustomed haunts of childhood all seemed doubly interesting and pleasant, from long absence. The fell disease of cholera carried off only one or two persons here, and they came from the city of New York, and brought the complaint with them.

I remember meeting, at my father's table, on Sunday, a lady of middle age, who had left the city on account of the prevailing disease. She was a native of the West Indies, and entertained us with accounts of earthquakes she had seen, and the peculiar habits and customs of the people among whom she had lived. One thing which she did, I have never forgotten. When seated at the table, she would call for a bowl of milk and put into it everything that was to be found on the table; such as bread, pie, smoked beef, cake, sweetmeats, etc., and seemed to enjoy

this strange conglomeration; whether she had dyspepsia I cannot say.

During this interruption of College study it was that I made a brief visit at Greenfield Hill, my father's ancestral home. It was then a most charming spot. Many excellent and delightful families filled up every house on the Hill, and constituted so many charmed circles to visit. It still retained much of that prestige and glory which belonged to it in the days of Dr. Timothy Dwight the elder. Among the families of note who resided there in those times, were those of Isaac Bronson, Col. Murray, Gideon Tomlinson, a member of Congress and Governor of the State, Capt. Abraham Baldwin with his interesting family, a graduate of Yale and a State Senator, Joseph Nichols, Dr. Rogers, of distinguished fame in his profession, Dr. Rufus Blakeman, and others. Time, death and removals have effected a great change in Greenfield. And yet, it is still a beautiful spot by nature. It has been made illustrious by Dwight's celebrated poem, entitled "Greenfield Hill," and will always be attractive to the eye of the visitor, both from its former history and its natural beauty.

Perhaps it may be allowable here, as the subject of Greenfield Hill is now before us, to mention one

or two amusing incidents which happened there. My uncle, who lived about a mile above Greenfield Hill, was a farmer, a shrewd and intelligent man, a Justice of the Peace, and frequently had some important law-cases tried before him, and was exceedingly fond of a joke. One day he was riding on horse-back, and met a man who was walking along, with a sedate and rather solemn cast of countenance. They presently came to a fork of the road, and the stranger asked where the roads led and who lived on them. My uncle answered his enquiries politely, and then, turning to the stranger, asked him, "What is your business, my friend?" "My business," said the stranger, "is that of a Bible-agent." My uncle then, with a slight stammer which he sometimes had, turned to the stranger and said, "Bible-agent? what's that?" The stranger, supposing him to be some poor, benighted, heathen man, lifted up both his hands to heaven in utter astonishment and holy horror, exclaiming, "My God! is it possible that in this Christian land, there is a man who does not know what the Bible is!"

Another little incident, which happened in the lifetime of Dr. Dwight the elder, may be of interest to us all and especially so to our distinguished and honored President Dwight the younger. At the time

the elder Dr. Dwight resided in Greenfield, and was Pastor of the Church, Dr. Haliburt was a resident physician there, and he and Dr. Dwight were on very social and intimate terms with each other. They often met at the different houses. Dr. Dwight, while it was his main business to preach the Gospel and prescribe its healing and comforting truths and remedies for the soul, yet sometimes while visiting among his people was in the habit of prescribing as a favorite remedy for bodily ills, the application of a carrot poultice. Dr. Haliburt was aware of this; and he too was fond of perpetrating a joke, when the opportunity offered. Once upon a time the bell on the meeting-house was cracked and emitted a doleful, harsh, grating sound. Several Sundays had gone by, when it was determined, if possible, to put a stop to this unpleasant occurrence. After the services were over one Sunday, Dr. Dwight called together a few of the Church officers and members to discuss this matter. Just at that time Dr. Haliburt was crossing the green. Dr. Dwight called to him, and after stating the object of the meeting, asked him what he thought ought to be done? "Doctor," he says, "what would you recommend to be done?" "Why," said he, "I would recommend the application of a carrot poultice!"

But to return to my narrative. It was late in the autumn, and well nigh to winter, when the cholera disappeared, and we went back to College, to resume our studies. Here I may as well mention that there were in my day, three great literary societies in Yale College; the "Calliopean," the "Linonian," and the "Brothers in Unity." All the students were expected to join one or the other of these. I belonged to the "Brothers in Unity," and always found this society an excellent training-school for public speaking and literary composition. I have no pleasanter memories of College life than of those hours spent in the literary exercises of the weekly meetings of that society, held at its beautiful, elegantly furnished room on Chapel street, where papers were read, subjects discussed, and plays and comedies sometimes acted. These last however, were subsequently prohibited by the Faculty.

But I must not forget to include among these recollections of College life, the intensely interesting and able lectures of Professor Benjamin Silliman on chemistry and geology. His fine, noble appearance, his power as a speaker, his perfect knowledge of the sciences which he taught, united to constitute him a lecturer unsurpassed in the history of the country. He was one of the brightest ornaments of the Col-

lege. Professor Chauncey A. Goodrich's lectures on English literature and elocution were also deserving of high commendation. So, too, were those of Professor Denison Olmstead on natural philosophy and astronomy. It was during my College career that the great meteoric shower took place, November 13, 1833, when the whole heavens were illumined with those brilliant falling meteors, presenting to the eye of the beholder a most grand and imposing spectacle, amid the darkness of the night, causing great fear and trepidation, among the ignorant and superstitious, such as the negroes at the South. Professor Olmstead set out to account for the cause and origin of these celestial phenomena. He searched long and carefully all the ancient scientific records of different countries, and found that meteors had fallen repeatedly on or about November 13th. This led him to advance his famous theory, that the meteors proceeded from some meteoric body, having an annual revolution in space; and passing once a year, on or about the 13th of November, near the earth, the matter was attracted by the force of gravity. Such was the ingenious and learned theory of Professor Olmstead, which facts have since helped to confirm.

Going back to those days, who can forget the meek and benign countenance of President Day, of whom

it has been wittily, and I might almost say, truthfully said, that "he had neither original sin nor actual transgression"? Who does not remember the bright black eye of Rev. Professor Fitch, the College Pastor, who preached to the students and Professors and their families every Sunday in the College Chapel; or the thoughtful, intellectual look of Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor, the author of the new school Theology? or who can forget the tall, striking figure of Dr. Harry Crosswell, the Rector of Trinity Church, who with white-topped boots and silver knee-buckles and clerical garb might often be seen walking the streets of New Haven, either to make some pastoral visit, or officiate at Trinity, and who by his indefatigable industry and zeal and faithfulness built up one of the largest parishes in the country?

New Haven and its environs present many charming rambles and walks and objects of interest to engage the students' leisure; and to these we often resorted, sometimes taking a walk down Chapel street and thence to Long Wharf; sometimes straying along through field and forest to "Mount Carmel" and the village of Hamden on the north; sometimes going down to the post office, which I think then stood near the Tontine, to get letters from absent friends and kindred; but not often such a letter as

a student once received, who after paying 10 cents postage, opened his letter (he is now a grave, learned Doctor of Divinity) only to find his own name written by a mischievous hand, in large letters, "Increase Niles Tarbox," with this comment: "Oh! what a name!"

Sometimes we spent a pleasant hour in the Trumbull Gallery of paintings, looking at the portraits of the distinguished sons and benefactors of Yale, or some historical painting of note, or the striking old picture of Bishop Berkeley and his family; and sometimes we bent our steps to the pleasant little village of Westville, near the wonderful cliff "West Rock," which stands near the residence of Ik Marvel, the prince of American authors, and which has a cave near its summit where the regicides in the time of Charles the First, hid themselves to avoid British rule and oppression, and from which they could easily emerge, and looking down the harbor, spy out any British ship that might enter, having perhaps their pursuers on board.

I need not say that as I look back through the vista of the years that are past, and call to mind all the varied scenes and characters and events to which I have alluded, I still feel a deep and abiding interest in them all; and though more than half a

century of years has passed away, yet it has not served to obliterate or impair in the slightest degree the tender and interesting memories and recollections of College life.

XXI.

GLIMPSSES OF THE PAST.

I WAS born May 12, 1817, in the town of Fairfield, N. Y., where my father, the late Rev. Samuel Nichols, D.D., and my mother resided, and where he was then associated with the Rev. Virgil Barber, in charge of an Academy or High School, under the patronage of Trinity Church, N. Y. My father was born November 14, 1787, in Fairfield, Conn., and being of a studious turn of mind, fond of books, was sent at an early age to Easton Academy, Conn., where he fitted for college, and graduated at Yale in 1811.

About this time the Rev. Philo Shelton, who was the first clergyman ordained by Bishop Seabury, on the 3d of August, 1785, became the resident missionary at Bridgeport and Fairfield, and it was through him that my father's attention was drawn to religious matters, and particularly towards the worship and doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His birth was well nigh contemporary with the birth of the Episcopal Church, being the same year in

which Bishops Provoost and White were consecrated at Lambeth Palace, England. At that distant period, when little or no advantage existed for theological learning, my father pursued his studies privately, and mainly under the direction of the Rev. Timothy Clews of Albany, N. Y., and was ordained in 1813 by Bishop Hobart, deacon, and priest soon after, in Trinity Church, New York. His death occurred July 17, 1880, being then ninety-two years old. So that his life and services extended over a period of twenty-four years previous to his ordination, and sixty-eight years of his ministerial life. Oh! how often I have heard him during his lifetime, speak, in terms of the utmost regard, of Philo Shelton, as his early pastor and spiritual counsellor.

In the year 1815, he became Rector of the Episcopal Church in the town of Bedford, N. Y., a church which was established and supported to a great degree, by that distinguished and illustrious man, Chief-Justice Jay, and his family. There my father spent most of his ministerial life; during a period of twenty-two years he was its laborious, faithful pastor, until his removal, by reason of impaired health, back to Greenfield Hill, Fairfield, Conn., his native place, where he died in 1880.

He was no less than sixty-eight years a minister

of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He lived to see that Church grow from its first feeble beginning, when its bishops were only seven or eight, and its clergy less than a hundred, to that period when it numbered forty-eight dioceses, sixty bishops, and thirty-five hundred clergymen. And thus his life covered a long and eventful period, involving many and great changes in the history of the Church, as well as the Republic. He belonged to what might be called the Evangelical School of the Protestant Episcopal Church, always preached the plain doctrines of the Gospel, and was a firm believer in the power and efficacy of prayer. Late in life the degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by Williams College.

The early childhood and life of the writer was spent at the parsonage at Bedford, amid the home-circle; and the delights of that parsonage-home, and the training of a father, of singular excellence of character, and of a mother of the most lovely traits, is, and never will be forgotten. There are many interesting reminiscences connected with that period, and life at that parsonage, which may prove interesting to the reader: and which, occurring as they did, so many years ago, seem doubly so since time lends enchantment to the view.

Let me allude briefly, to the history of the first

clergyman, whom I remember as among the first visitors of Bedford Church and parsonage, viz., the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Feltus, the Rector of S. Stephen's Church, New York, from June, 1814, to August 10, 1828—a period of 14 years. Though then but a small boy, I can well recall the countenance of Dr. Feltus, and remember his earnest and impassioned manner in the pulpit; his warm and engaging manners and pleasant conversation during his visits at the parsonage, for he was exceedingly fond of the country and rural life, and often took great pleasure in visiting the parsonage during the summer, when he would preach for us, while my father would go down to the city and preach for him at S. Stephen's.

He was likewise a warm and attached friend of my great-grand-father, George Warner, one of the vestrymen of Trinity, from 1789 to 1793, who was one of his strongest supporters; and Dr. Feltus might be seen often at his home, which then stood on the corner of Fourth street and the Bowery, in the city of New York.

On these occasions, when he came up to visit us at the parsonage, he seemed delighted with the change and the relief which it gave him from the cares and labors of a large city parish. This church was organized in the year 1805, and stood in Broome

street, near the Bowery. Its first minister was the Rev. Mr. Stroebeck, who continued to officiate four years. After him came the Rev. Dr. Richard Channing Moore, who held the rectorship five years and then resigned his cure to become the Bishop of the Diocese of Virginia. After him came the Rev. Dr. Feltus, who had previously had charge of S. Ann's, Brooklyn; he remained at S. Stephen's fourteen years, up to the time of his death, which occurred August 10, 1828.

Another distinguished and most remarkable divine who stands out very distinctly amid the recollections of the past, and was a frequent visitor at the Bedford Church and parsonage, was the Rt. Rev. John Henry Hobart, D. D., a man of extraordinary genius and intellectual power, who filled a place and wielded an influence second to no man in the entire history of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country. I can recall even now, at this distance of time, some of his visitations to my father's parish, at Bedford, and can remember his intellectual face and keen eyes which betokened great earnestness and intensity of thought, and how powerfully and impressively he conveyed his thoughts to the minds of his hearers. Bishop Hobart was born September 14, 1775, at Philadelphia; graduated at Princeton College in

the year 1793, and was ordained deacon by Bishop White in 1798. May 29, 1811, he was made assistant bishop to Dr. Benjamin Moore of the diocese of New York; and upon his death in 1816, he became sole Bishop of New York and was also elected rector of Trinity Church, N. Y. Thus did Bishop Hobart rise by his own inherent energies to a position of power and responsibility which none before him had attained; and none was better qualified to fulfil his duties. He came upon the stage at a very peculiar crisis in the history of our Church, when it was beset by strong prejudice from without, denounced as "the Church of the Tories" and well nigh trampled into the dust of oblivion. But Hobart seemed to be precisely the man raised up by Providence for the great and glorious work of lifting the American Episcopal Church from her low and depressed condition, and giving her a name, a power, an impetus, which has never ceased to be felt in the community. Planting himself on the ground of "Evangelical truth and Apostolic order," and sending forth from the press various able controversial writings, such as "The Nature and Constitution of the Christian Church," "The Companion for the Book of Common Prayer," "The Clergyman's Companion," "An Apology for Apostolic Order," most thoroughly to uphold

and establish the claims of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and giving himself up to the most assiduous labors as an eloquent preacher and upholder of Episcopal institutions such as "Columbia College," "The General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church," it might fairly be said of a truth that Bishop Hobart revolutionized the public mind during the nineteen years of his episcopate, and placed our Church upon a foundation that is immovable. Take him, all in all, Bishop Hobart was indeed a wonderful man and without a rival, and I look back and deem it a wonderful privilege, amid *Glimpses of the Past*, to have known and seen such a man and heard his eloquent tongue.

Another clergyman who often visited Bedford and attended my father's church was the Rev. Benjamin I. Haight, D.D., a namesake of the senior warden of S. Matthew's Church. His aunt was a resident of Bedford. She and her husband and family occupied a handsome residence there, where he was always welcome, and every summer Dr. Haight spent a portion of his time there during a part of his college career at Columbia, and while he was a student of the General Theological Seminary; and it was during his visits there that he laid, in a measure, by his habits of reading and study, the foundations

of his future career of eminence and great popularity as a clergyman and professor in the General Theological Seminary of our Church. Dr. Haight was born in New York, October 16, 1809. Graduated at Columbia College in 1828; and at the General Theological Seminary, 1831. He was elected about this time Rector of S. Peter's Church, N. Y. In 1834, he received a call to S. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, and in 1837, he was invited to take the charge of All Saints Church in New York, where he remained until the year 1846. He was then invited to the Chair of Pastoral Theology in the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, where he remained until 1855, when he was chosen assistant minister of Trinity Church, N. Y. He filled many high and important offices in the Church, was Secretary of the Convention of the Diocese of New York, 20 years; a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, 10 years; a Trustee of Columbia College. Once he was elected Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts, but declined the office on account of feeble health. He died on the 21st February, 1879, leaving behind him the reputation of a most able and successful minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

There is one more Bishop of our Church, deserv-

ing a brief record amid these *Glimpses of the Past*. I mean Bishop B. T. Onderdonk of New York. I was ordained to the diaconate by him in October, 1838, in my father's church at Bedford. That event is well impressed upon my memory. The deep interest the Bishop took in my ordination, his wise counsel and impressive performance of the services, are well remembered, as well as my own first sermon preached in S. Matthew's Church, to a congregation of my own personal friends, and kindred, and neighbors, among whom I was brought up. I can recall many excellent and attractive traits of Bishop B. T. Onderdonk. He was an exceedingly pleasant and sociable and companionable man, and took a great interest in all the children of the family and ministered to their enjoyment. He was grave and dignified and impressive in all his services: and his discourses were always evangelical and practical—enforcing the great doctrines of the Gospel; and no man stood higher and bore a more unsullied reputation than he. But just when he had risen to the zenith of his fame, a most sudden and unexpected cloud came over his promising career.

That was indeed a dark and dismal day in the history of our Church in the Diocese of New York, when Bishop Onderdonk was suspended from the exercise

of his ecclesiastical functions in the Church by a court of bishops, January 3, 1845. Great excitement prevailed at the time and party spirit ran high; and well does the writer remember those memorable and powerful speeches made by Dr. Stephen Tyng and Judge Jay, of Bedford, on the one side, and Dr. Higbie and Judge I. C. Spencer, on the other, in the Diocesan Convention, of New York, when the subject of Bishop Onderdonk's suspension was before them. Nothing however, could avail to change that sentence of the court. After sixteen years of retirement to private life, the bishop, bearing his sentence with becoming Christian humility, and yet, protesting his innocence, finally died, April 30, 1861. He was buried with imposing funeral services in Trinity Church, N. Y., where a striking marble cenotaph was erected by his admiring friends, to his memory.

XXII.

It was about the year 1860 that I left the Diocese of Connecticut, where I had been occupied in various fields of labour, for the city of Brooklyn. It has been for fifteen years or more my home, and here I have spent at least a dozen years of my married life, and have mingled with its delightful society. The people here are cultivated, and highly intellectual and moral in their character. It is settled to a great degree by New Englanders, who have formed various business connections in the city of New York, and who reside here. Many of them have amassed wealth and have used it as a vast moral power as may be seen from the great number of churches which abound here, and have caused it to be rightly named "The City of Churches." Any visitor who may chance to cross the ferry, or ride over the famous bridge, and walk the streets of Brooklyn, cannot fail to notice the great number of fine church edifices. Among these are many imposing and beautiful Episcopal Churches, such as that of Holy

Trinity on Montague street, Rev. Charles H. Hall, D.D., Rector; Grace Church, on the Heights, Rev. Dr. Brewster; S. Ann's, a large and ornate edifice, with its chime of bells, under the rectorship of Dr. Alsop; S. Luke's on Clinton Avenue, Rev. Dr. Bradley; Church of the Messiah, Rev. Dr. Charles R. Baker; Christ Church, South Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Bancroft; Christ Church, Williamsburg, Rev. Dr. Darlington; all these, with the able, learned and popular Bishop Littlejohn at their head,—who resides at Garden City, and ministers in the grand Cathedral there, erected by the munificence of the late Mrs. Cornelia M. Stewart in memory of her husband,—all these show what an influential and prominent position the Episcopal Church holds in the city of Brooklyn.

In the year 1862, while a resident there, I received an invitation to take temporary charge of S. John's Church for a period of six or eight months shortly after the death of their most highly esteemed and devoted Rector—the Rev. Dr. Thomas T. Guion. S. John's, it will be remembered, was the church originally established by the Rev. Evan M. Johnson in the year 1826. He then built the church at his own expense and on his own ground, and served it without remuneration for about a score of years;

and when he resigned it in 1847, he established a new mission called S. Michael's, which he served upto the time of his death. Mr. Johnson's ministry in S. John's extended over a period of 21 years, and was attended with marked success. The parish under his ministrations grew up to be a large and important one. His immediate successors for the next six years were the Rev. Dr. Samuel Rosevelt Johnson, afterwards Professor in the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and the Rev. Mr. Okeson. Then the Rev. Dr. Thomas T. Guion was called and accepted the charge. He was a man of great zeal and devotion to his work, a man of quick and warm sympathies; and his congregation became warmly attached to him as their pastor.

When Dr. Guion assumed the charge of S. John's, the parish was in a depressed condition. The church edifice was greatly out of repair, the parish was burdened with a heavy debt, and the congregations were small. But under the earnest labors and united efforts of pastor and people, S. John's now started forth on a career of prosperity and success before unknown. The parish greatly increased in numbers, congregations were much larger, and the gifts and charities of the parish poured forth in an unfailling

stream. The church ere long was greatly beautified and enlarged, and a handsome chapel erected for week-day lectures and Sunday-school gatherings. But, after only ten years of service, just when Dr. Guion had reached the very height of his usefulness—at the point when his career was the brightest—he was stricken down with disease and died after a brief illness. He was buried from old S. John's, with appropriate funeral services; and laid to rest in beautiful Greenwood, amid many tears, and floral offerings, which were laid upon his tomb.

It was shortly after this event that the writer received one day an unexpected call to officiate one Sunday at S. John's. I accepted the invitation, and in my sermon on Sunday morning, having known Dr. Guion well in my early days, at Bedford, where he was born, and being also familiar with his career in Brooklyn, as an able and faithful minister, I took occasion to allude, with some warmth and pathos, to Dr. Guion's character and labors as a devoted, untiring shepherd of his flock. This brief allusion struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the congregation, and the next week I received an invitation to take charge of the parish, until the following June (this was the fall of 1862), aided by the Rev. Mr. Spofford the assistant minister. I then under-

took the pastoral care and oversight of this important parish, and though my health was somewhat impaired, I yet was enabled to discharge my duties with some good degree of success, as would appear from a brief paragraph published in the *New York World* about the time I left the parish, which read as follows :

“ At S. John's Church, corner of Washington and Johnson streets, Brooklyn, Rev. G. W. Nichols last evening preached an excellent and impressive discourse, appropriate to the closing of his service in the parish. He accepted the charge temporarily some months ago, and, notwithstanding ill health, has labored effectually since that time. At the close of his sermon he spoke briefly of his connection with this congregation, referring in touching language to some of the incidents of his ministration, and bidding the church an affectionate farewell.”

Perhaps I may be allowed here also to introduce a paper placed in my hand at the time, from the wardens of the church :

REV. GEORGE W. NICHOLS.

Dear Sir:—The call of the Rev. George F. Seymour, of Hudson, N. Y., to the Rectorship of S.

John's Church, Brooklyn, and his acceptance of said call, having terminated your official connection with said parish, it is with pleasure that we communicate to you, in behalf of the Vestry of said church and as their committee our high appreciation of your able, valuable and acceptable services in said parish during your brief oversight thereof; and the assurance of our best wishes and earnest prayers for your prosperity and usefulness wherever you may be called to labor.

No other provision for the Services in the Church on next Sunday having been made by either the Rector elect or Vestry, we should be pleased to have you officiate for us.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

Signed: ALFRED EMMANUEL, } Wardens.
 I. B. BEERS. }

From the year 1865 to June 27, 1869, with the exception of a slight interval, I was occupied as assistant minister of the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, the Rev. George E. Thrall, Rector. Mr. Thrall came from Christ Church, Bridgeport, Conn., where he had officiated three years, to assume the charge of the Church of the Messiah, then a small parish which

worshipped in a diminutive brick building on Adelphi street, having only nineteen communicants. In the course of two or three years this building was enlarged to twice its former size. Soon after, it was found insufficient to accommodate the large and growing congregation, and an opportunity was offered of purchasing a large unfinished brick church which had been erected by the Presbyterians on the corner of Green and Clermont Avenues. By the indefatigable efforts of the Rector, and the generous aid of neighboring parishes, many of them outside the pale of his own Church, this new and spacious building was purchased and carried on to completion by Mr. Thrall's congregation. It stands on six lots of ground, 100 feet front by 145 feet in depth. The building is 75 feet front by 135 deep, with two square towers. The interior consists of an audience room 61 by 81 feet; a lecture room 27 by 85 feet, and a Sunday school room of the same size over the lecture room. It seats about twelve to fifteen hundred people. The interior is divided into nave and aisles: it is in the Romanesque style of architecture, with moulded arches and clustering columns, the ceiling vaulted forty-seven feet high, the whole richly decorated. The windows are of stained glass. Galleries extend from front to rear, and there is also a choir

gallery containing a fine organ. The Rev. Mr. Thrall was not only a man of extraordinary energy and ability in planning and carrying forward measures for building up a large church and congregation, but he was also a preacher of remarkable interest. His rare pulpit talents drew great numbers to his church. His sermons were filled with solemn pointed truths of God's Word, richly and strikingly illustrated, and well calculated to come home with power and effect to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. His congregations were large, and the finances and temporal resources of the parish rapidly increased. Indeed, I have very seldom known a more extraordinary example of ministerial success, than that of the Rev. Mr. Thrall in the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn. Under his pastorate, within the short space of three or four years, the little humble brick edifice in Adelphi street, to which he first came, with its small attendance of eighty people and nineteen communicants, had been exchanged for one of the largest and finest churches in the city of Brooklyn, having a property of the value of a hundred thousand dollars, two hundred and fifty communicants and three hundred and fifty Sunday school children. Besides, Mr. Thrall had a very pleasant residence on Clinton avenue, where he was surrounded by pleasant

associates and friends. One might well ask, what could he ask for more?

He had built up a most flourishing church in a short time, was greatly admired and esteemed by his parishioners and one would suppose as well fixed in his position as any clergyman could be, and could have remained all his life, had he chosen, in a church the fruit of his own toils. But, strange to say, he made up his mind, suddenly and impulsively, to resign his parish, on the 10th of March, 1869. For what? For the sake of undertaking a new and impracticable scheme of starting a church in the city of New York, which would adopt as the basis of its organization, amongst other things, an unrestricted communion and fellowship with all Evangelical Protestant denominations. This scheme soon fell to the ground, as any one might well suppose it would. It was nothing less than an attempt to revolutionize the Episcopal Church, and subvert its whole structure and constitution. I have no doubt that my good friend and brother Thrall soon realized his mistake, and saw the folly, when it was too late, of resigning that large and beautiful Church of the Messiah. I believe our truest wisdom is to uphold and maintain the Church as it is; to adhere strictly to its laws and usages, not to alter its venerable forms; to main-

tain its Episcopal character; not to change its name, "Protestant Episcopal" for "Catholic" or "American;" for this would only tend to endanger it in the estimation of the world, and make the people lose confidence in it. Let us rather seek to transmit it as it is, entire, with its forms, usages and laws to future ages.

After the resignation of Mr. Thrall, the church was for some time vacant, seeking a new rector; one competent for the position and adapted to carry forward the good work which had been inaugurated by the former pastor. This was not so easily found.

The Rev. Mr. Duane was invited, and gave out that he needed no assistant. Of course I withdrew as quietly and gracefully as possible, and on the 26th of June, 1869, I sent my resignation to the vestry as follows :

To John Halsey, Franklin Bell, Esqrs., Wardens, and others, Vestrymen of the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn.

Having learned that the Rectorship of the Church of the Messiah is now filled, and furthermore, that the new rector does not desire the services of an assistant minister, I do hereby, under these circumstances tender to you my resignation, as assistant

minister of this church. Having been connected with the parish for a period of between three and four years, first as assistant to the Rev. Dr. Thrall, in the old church on Adelphi street, and more recently as assistant minister of the parish in the new church, I cannot take my leave of you without an expression of my warm regard and friendship for each one of the members of the vestry personally, as well as for the families of the church, with many of whom it has been my honor and privilege to enjoy pleasant intercourse. You may regard this resignation as taking effect on Sunday, June 27th, 1869. I sincerely hope and pray that you may have a bright and prosperous future.

Your faithful servant and minister,

GEORGE W. NICHOLS.

After Mr. Thrall's resignation, the parish for some time made little or no progress. They took but little interest in the preacher or his pulpit performances; and it was not until the Rev. Charles R. Baker took the pastoral care that the parish began to assume its former life and prosperity. It now numbers nearly one thousand communicants; the edifice is filled with large and attentive congregations; the debt on the church has been paid; very large and elegant im-

provements have been made in the church; the towers and the front porch have been greatly changed; memorial windows have been placed in the church, making it one of the grandest and most imposing edifices in the city. The Rector is an excellent extempore preacher, and though what may be called a broad churchman, he is true and loyal to the church of which he is a minister.

XXIII.

It is now some six or seven years since the writer came to reside in this most enjoyable and delightful home of Waldegrave. The reader will, I have no doubt, be able to judge somewhat of its inviting character and pleasant surroundings by the casual glimpses given of it in the course of this volume. Suffice it to say that during a residence of seven years here I have never had occasion to regret the selection of this spot as a quiet and serene resting place, and a home in life's declining years. I often think, as I cast my eyes around this spot and view the surrounding landscape, spread out in all its beauty and richness, like a luxuriant garden, and behold the trees decked in their rich foliage, the verdant meadows, the golden fields of grain (for it is summer now), or look upon the broad expanse of water, the Sound upon which many a ship is sailing; while the brilliant beams of the sun light up the glittering waters and irradiate the landscape, reveal-

ing to the eye the many dwellings and tall church spires of this old New England town; I say as I look out upon this whole surrounding scene I am disposed to ask where could I have found a spot with pleasanter surroundings, or a more delightful home? As Dr. Mead, who was so long the able and distinguished Rector of S. Paul's, said once when urged to accept one of many flattering calls to other fields, he took his friends out upon the porch of the parsonage and showing them the beautiful grounds covered with tall graceful elms, looking out upon the public green, he said, How can you expect me to leave such a Paradise as this?

Perhaps it will not be without interest to the reader for me to state here some reasons why this is such a desirable spot in which to live. And first, the whole history of Norwalk's life and growth is intensely interesting.

Little more than two hundred years ago this whole region belonged to Indian tribes, and was actually sold by them to a small scattered settlement of white people for the trifling price of eight fathoms of wampum, ten hatchets, ten hoes, ten knives, ten scissors, ten jews-harps, ten fathoms of tobacco, ten looking-glasses and three kettles. It derived its name from the Indians who gave the grant; it was "one day's

Indian walk into the country," or "one day's North-walk," hence its name "Norwalk."

This was a marvelously cheap purchase, and was as long ago probably as 1650. In 1779, during the war of the Revolution, Norwalk consisted of a small hamlet numbering only twenty or thirty families. On the 11th of July in that year, General Tryon, the British commander, and his fleet anchored in yonder Sound, marched up into the little helpless settlement and set fire to all the houses, and the two churches, one Episcopal and one Congregational, destroying everything with the exception of six dwellings which were saved from the flames by the owners pleading with General Tryon their loyalty to the British crown. History informs us that there was some show of resistance to this cruel and dastardly attack of the British. Captain Betts with about fifty soldiers of the Continental army, made an onset upon the British forces, but they were soon routed, and he lost most of his men, while according to General Tryon's account their loss was twenty killed, ninety-six wounded and thirty-two missing. It is said that at this time the Episcopal clergyman and some half dozen who became disaffected to the American cause went over to the enemy.

Let us now turn for a moment from that period of

Norwalk's history to the present. What a striking contrast ! Here we now have a large city, or, I might say two small cities, each having its own government, Upper and South Norwalk, connected with each other by a wide avenue called West avenue, lined on either side with fine old elms and handsome residences, and also made picturesque by the Quinebaug River, so named by the Indians. This river is navigable for vessels and market boats, and a few miles further inland is the village of Quinebaug, containing several factories. Both Upper and Lower Norwalk are centres of trade, and they contain several blocks of stores, each two hotels, several banks, a post-office and the two railroad depots, one of the New York & New Haven, and the other of the Danbury & Norwalk Railroad. To the right of Upper Norwalk is a capacious and beautiful Green, on the borders of which stand several churches, one of which is the grand old historic Church of S. Paul's. It is a fine edifice, has a tall commanding spire, a good organ, choice music, rich chancel adornments, a handsome pulpit and Italian marble font. For the long period of one hundred and fifty years this parish of S. Paul's has stood, undergoing many trying vicissitudes, during and for fifty years previous to the Revolution. Since the present church was built it

has had two very eminent divines among its Rectors, Rev. Dr. Kemper, afterwards Bishop of Wisconsin, and Dr. Mead who preached here for the space of forty years, and was eminent in the Episcopal Church, not only as a fine pulpit orator, but as a legislator learned in canon law.

This church is said to resemble many Episcopal churches in England, in that the entrance to the church is reached by a pathway lined with the monuments of the dead on either side.

The Congregational Church also stands fronting the Green. This is a plain but a capacious church, of the old style of architecture. The parish dates back to Revolutionary times. The Rev. Dr. Hall preached here for many years, and was greatly admired and beloved by his people.

The Roman Catholic Church stands on West avenue. It is a substantial edifice of stone, and has some fine paintings adorning its walls.

To say no more of the different churches, I might go on to speak of the many elegant private residences, such as that most imposing one built by the great financier, Legrand Lockwood at a cost of not less than seven hundred thousand dollars, with which he, it is said, was so elated when it was finished, and so sadly disappointed when he failed

in Wall street and had to surrender up this darling object of his earthly hopes. It is now owned by Mrs. Mathews of New York, and is occupied by her as a summer residence. W. G. Langdon also has a fine house here, directly on the Sound, which he occupies in the summer months. I might go on to speak of other attractive features which show the growth and improvements of Norwalk. It is needless to say that a city of such enterprise and taste has every modern convenience and elegance. And I have said enough already of its past history and present condition to convince the reader that I have made choice of no mean city to dwell in.

2. I find another reason for choosing this spot as a home, viz: that Norwalk and its surroundings are such by nature as cannot elsewhere be found. Take for example, the drives around. They are beautiful and almost endlessly diversified. A stranger coming into this place might drive for ten days in succession amid varied scenes, each time beholding new objects of striking interest. The drives to the sea-side are most charming. What can be more pleasant than a drive down through South Norwalk, around Keyser Island or one to McKeune's Point, going through East avenue, a fine street lined with handsome dwellings, over the bridge that spans Saugatuck River and so

down by Compo street to the point? What can surpass a drive by the old road to Darien, and then turning to the left, follow the bank of a long wide river till you come to Collander's, the great manufacturer of gaming tables, a level green plateau, where he and other rich men have erected magnificent and costly dwellings, with a Sound view, unsurpassed between New York and Boston; or what can be more exhilarating than a drive amid the hills and through the shaded groves of the back country to New Canaan—or to Westport, or Fairfield, or down among the fine heights this side of Stamford? I know of no other place that can boast of such drives.

Now this is no small advantage to be able to make these pleasant excursions through the country and by the sea-side. Here you secure health, recreation and pleasure—health in the cheering sunshine, and in copious drafts of pure oxygen, not the compound oxygen of the medical schools (I have little faith in that) but the pure oxygen pervading the air of the country, exhaled from the leaves, the trees, and the forests made by the great All-wise Creator on purpose for man's use.

Others have preferred to leave their homes for the gay and fashionable resorts of Saratoga and Newport, or have travelled far up amid the bracing air

and gorgeous scenery of the Catskills, or they summer amid the wild mountain-lakes and forests of the Adirondacks. We have preferred to stay at home, within the cosy apartments of Waldegrave Cottage, and enjoy its quietude and repose, its companionship of books, its cheering society of friends, its Sabbath devotional hours. Here we expect to live life's remnant, cheering and comforting each other, as man and wife should, bearing each other's burdens, and soothing each other's sorrows and pains and trials, until God calls us to a brighter and fairer landscape, to a home which is eternal and unfading, where there will be no more suffering, no more regrets over departed joys, but sweet enjoyment of one eternal present. How finely and grandly does a Christian poetess speak of that world !

“ Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies
Where love becomes immortal;
A land whose life is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade
But bloom for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted bowers,—

The City's shining tower we may not see
With our dim earthly vision;
For Death, the silent warder keeps the key
That opes the gates Elysian:

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly
Unlocked by unseen fingers;
And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly from the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

Oh! land unknown! O! land of love divine!
Father, Allwise! Eternal!
Oh! guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.

XXIV.

THE sentence originally pronounced upon our first parents, after they had fallen, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," though a just and well deserved penalty for disobedience was, nevertheless, a sentence mingled with mercy. It would not be difficult to show that the Almighty was consulting for the highest good of His creatures when He thus made labor their inevitable lot. I say, inevitable, for, look where we will, with few exceptions, it is only by hard toil that men gain their daily bread, and when he has not literally to live by the sweat of his brow, he may have to do that, which is more difficult still—live by the sweat of his brain. Intellectual food like bodily, must be gathered by dint of industry and toil. So that it is the dispensation under which we all live that we should be, each one, a laborer. Go where you will, whether to the regions covered with polar snows, or those scorched by the rays of a tropical sun, and you will find the ground yields little that labor does not extort from its bosom. This might seem at first a stern decree, that all men

should be under the necessity of toiling for a livelihood and often wringing only a scanty subsistence from the earth. Yet, a little close reflection will serve to convince us that this arrangement of Providence is most wise and that it would be disastrous to the human race to do away with this necessity for toil. For, who does not know that labor brings with it enjoyment and health and contentment of mind? Who so miserable as the perfectly idle man, who does nothing but sit and eat and sleep away his life? Who so miserable as he, and as a general thing who so little deserving of regard? But while it is a good thing to be industrious, and to labor in some honest calling and aim to supply our temporal wants, the question here arises, is this the great object of life? Is it not a vastly more important thing for men to make provision for the higher and enduring life of the soul? Our Saviour taught us this great lesson of making provision for the life to come when He declared "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Let me ther proceed to illustrate this last point by, *first, appealing to the example of Deity*. Consider the Supreme Being as the great Architect of this creation, calling into being innumerable worlds, peopling immensity with mighty globes, and covering them with

their countless races of living creatures. See Him guiding and controlling these worlds, ordering their complex machinery and laws. From day to day He stretches His guardian wing over them all and over the countless beings that inhabit them. Look at this world in which we live, adorned with noble forests, lovely lakes and rivers, and majestic mountains. See the sun which “cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course,” dispensing heat and life, scattering his cheering and gladsome beams upon both the animate and the inanimate creation. Behold the silvery moon, shedding down upon this globe her mild radiance. Look at the countless stars as they shine nightly, in the firmament. Take the telescope and direct your steadfast and eager gaze into those vast and interminable spaces where the great God is carrying on His mighty operations. As you cast your feeble sight thither, you perceive that the most distant stars within our vision are only the porchway—the suburbs, that lead to the myriads upon myriads of worlds which cover the plains of immensity. Now what can you find, let me ask, as you take a survey of all this wondrous extent of the operations of Deity—I say what can you find to countenance for a moment the selfish idea that the great object of

life here is to live for one's self, to seek to amass earthly wealth and gratify earthly appetites and passions? What is the Deity doing in all these countless worlds? Is He seeking to enrich Himself? No; He is always giving from His own inexhaustible fullness to benefit and bless the creatures of His hand. And shall man make it his chief business to live to acquire earthly good and seek the bread that perisheth, when he has before him such an example of ceaseless beneficence as that of Deity?

But look at *another example* to show what is the great and true object of life—*that of Jesus Christ*. What does His example teach us? Does that give any approval to the thought that the great object of life is to pursue mere temporary good? Reflect upon Jesus in His nativity; though He was the earth's Creator, yet stooping to lie down on a bed of straw and to have His first home on this earth with the beasts of the stall, while beings from the heavenly world descend and hover over His rude birthplace, and its own new-made star shines above it. Think of Him in His life and ministry; keeping company with humble fishermen while giving often startling and wonderful proofs of His Godhead, as when He stood at the mouth of Lazarus' tomb, and cried with a loud voice "Lazarus, come forth" and he who had

been dead four days and had seen corruption came forth alive again, or when He paused in His journey and regarded the cry of the poor blind beggar near Jericho and made him to see the sweet vision of the light and of the countenances of friends. Look at Jesus in all His earthly toils and labors and miracles which were done without fee or reward, out of pure love of doing good, while no return was asked save only the look of that thankfulness and love which were inspired in the souls of those poor widows and suffering children upon whom His blessed acts of mercy were bestowed ; look at Him at last assailed by His enemies and bloodthirsty persecutors, condemned to death, nailed to the cross and there expiring in agony, while, with an upward look of pitying love, He prays for His murderers, " Father forgive them for they know not what they do !" Then think of His resurrection : His sacred form was laid in the rocky sepulchre and guarded well by Roman soldiers ; and yet He bursts these bonds and rises up a glorious conqueror over death and the grave, thus making it sure that the dead shall be revived again. And once more think of the touching incidents which after His resurrection followed His discourse with Mary, His sudden and unexpected interviews with His disciples, His mysterious walk with two of them as

they went to the village of Emmaus, His gentle reproof of Thomas, His final charge and commission to the Apostles to go forth and preach the Gospel to every creature ; and then, follow Christ to that last, never to be forgotten scene of His ascension from Mount Olivet, when, on giving His disciples His parting blessing, His radiant form suddenly rose upward amid the clouds. Yes, look at Jesus as He appears in all the wonderful events of His life, and then say if life's great and highest good is to please and gratify one's self, to amass riches and provide the bread of this world only ; or, is it not rather to seek that enduring bread which cometh from heaven, to cultivate that nobler, that everlasting life of the soul for which it was created in the image and likeness of God ?

Finally, we will make an appeal to the example of the holy angels. What is their occupation ? Is not their life spent in ceaseless benevolence and tender sympathy and helpful ministrations in behalf of others ? We are told, that, "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth" and again, "Are they not all" says an Apostle "ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation." All those varied ranks of celestial intelligences, of archangels, cherubim and seraphim which

surround the throne above, and continually ascribe praise and honor and glory to Him Who sitteth thereon ; while those whose duty is here are ever busy in their kind offices to God's believing people, succoring and sustaining them in their earthly conflicts and trials. With intense longing they welcome each returning penitent in the Church below, and the joyful news of the blessed transformation fills heaven with new transports of rejoicing. What does such a spectacle teach but this, that the highest object and purpose that man can live for is to be "not weary in well doing" and to consecrate himself to that charity which is life eternal.

" Life is real, life is earnest
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

And the soul's life is in God ; and, God is love.

XXV.

“WHAT think ye of Christ?” This is a question of transcendent interest and importance. There is not in the range of Christian Theology a question of higher practical concern. What think ye of Christ? Some questions have to do with our intellectual nature only; for example, suppose you were to cross the ocean and enter the city of London, a city of 30 miles circuit, filled with magnificent parks and stately buildings and streets of trade and industry—suppose you were to enter Westminster Abbey; and, as you stood filled with awe and amazement, looking at the marble monuments of poets, philosophers, statesmen, divines, composing the congregation of England’s illustrious dead, some one were to ask you what you thought of that majestic edifice? Your reply would be, “Here is surely the triumph of true genius and art.” But that would be a question pertaining merely to your intellectual nature. Or, again, sup-

pose some one should ask you what you thought of the immortal works of Bunyan, John Milton, Shakespeare, Walter Scott; your answer would be "These also are the true and substantial monuments of *intellectual* greatness." But the question with which this letter begins is of a higher order. In discussing it let us try to see, first, what it does not imply, and then what it does imply.

1st. I would observe this question is not, what do you think of Christ simply as a philanthropist, wonderful as he was in going from village to village and from house to house doing good and ministering to the wants of the diseased, and the afflicted. It is not what do you think of Jesus as He sat bathed in tears beside the tomb of His dead friend Lazarus near that home so beautiful in affection—the home at Bethany. It is not what do you think of Him as He once passed near the gates of the city of Nain, and there met Him a funeral procession, a poor widow following the remains of her only and beloved boy to the place of burial, when Jesus with an eye of compassion turning to that desolate woman and placing His hand on the bier uttered in the hearing of all the assembly that marvellous summons: "Young man, I say unto thee, arise," and the dead did arise, with the warm pulses of life again beating through his frame, and a

joy indescribable lighted up that mother's face as she grasped once more the hand of her dear one restored to life.

It is not, what do you think of Christ, as He appears to you on the Mount of Transfiguration, when His countenance shone as the midday sun and His raiment was white as the light, and Peter exclaimed : "Lord, it is good for us to be here." It is not, what do you think of him as he walked once on the sea as if it had been a granite pavement, or, yet again, when He stood in the little ship with His alarmed disciples amid the storm-tossed billows of the Lake of Gennesareth, and said to those raging waters "Peace, be still," and the sea immediately became calm, the winds were hushed to rest. No, this is not what is specially implied in that searching inquiry : "What think ye of Christ," though it is indeed a delightful task to trace our Redeemer through all these varied and wonderful scenes of His earthly life, and to behold, as we do in them all, His amazing tenderness and compassion. The all-important enquiry which we are now considering means much more than this. It is a question passing down from the head to the heart and affecting our spiritual nature. It means "What think ye of Christ as your *Redeemer*?" What think ye of Christ Who endured

the cross for you, Christ Who was scourged and nailed to the shameful tree for you, Christ Who was mocked, buffeted, spit upon and put to death for you ; and hence

2d. We observe that this question implies the acknowledgement of Christ's Deity. Have you ever duly considered what Jesus Christ was ? Have you ever thought, this Jesus Who bled and suffered and died on the cross, who stooped to this unparalleled humiliation was none other than the Son of God, was He who hung yon lamps in heaven's dome, Who spake into being this globe on which we tread, and garnished it with trees and flowers, and filled it with living creatures ? No man who has carefully and honestly examined Holy Scripture can reach any other conclusion than this, viz., that Jesus Christ was God, "God over all, blessed forever ;" not simply the greatest of prophets or the greatest of teachers or the most perfect of mankind, but a divine mediator. Read over the Sacred Record ; see how He claims His own equality with the Father, nay His unity with the Father, "I, and My Father are one," "he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."

I have no sympathy with some of those of the present day, who would throw discredit on the doctrine of Christ's Godhead, and who assert that He

was only a great teacher or prophet or religious genius, and taught pure and lofty morality.

They say that it was unworthy of God to give up His Son to such unparalleled humiliation, that such an interposition is too wonderful and too strange to be believed. But notwithstanding these idle criticisms the whole Christian world now, as for nineteen centuries, glories in this gospel because none but God Himself in our nature could ever make an atonement that could save our guilty souls or render satisfaction for a world's transgressions. Upon any other hypothesis mankind would give up in despair the hope of salvation; upon any other hypothesis, the Bible scheme of redemption is illogical and unmeaning. Nothing short of a Divine surety and a Divine sacrifice could ever answer the ends to be accomplished, vindicate the Divine law, and satisfy infinite justice. It must be salvation through the Cross of a Divine Saviour, God incarnate, or no salvation at all. Away then, from mind and heart, the thought that Jesus is only a greater Socrates or Plato. Of what possible benefit can that be to a poor, lost, undone sinner. Give unto us our God on whom to fasten our hopes of salvation. To Him we will cling forever; and when we can no longer retain our consciousness, when we are torn away from our family and from the familiar

scenes of earth, and an unseen hand pushes our bark across the Jordan of death, then in “Emmanuel, God with us,” will we put our trust, and upborne by His mighty and loving hand pass quietly over the troubled waters into the haven of rest.

3d. This question is preëminently a *practical one*, which should shape our everyday life and conduct. The great atonement which Christ made for your sins and mine, is not a bare isolated fact for us to receive or not just as we would some fact in history or science ; but, it is something to be applied to ourselves—something to be acted upon—something to be lived up to. God has done so much for us, has given to us so abundantly of His love and His grace ; and have we on our part nothing to do ? we, no sacrifice to make ? we, no cross to bear ? Ah ! our own reason, our own best thoughts and impulses convince us to the contrary. God has done His part, we must do ours. He hath made us free moral agents, free to accept or reject the wondrous offer of salvation. It is a solemn and awakening thought that we may by our own indifference and neglect render this great work of human redemption of no benefit or avail to ourselves.

During the last century there lived in one of the rural districts of England a faithful parish minister of the Church. One day he went, as was his custom.

to a farmhouse to teach and catechize the children. He asked the master of the family if all were assembled: "All," answered the farmer, "except the little girl who attends to the cattle." "Call her," said the minister; and he postponed the catechizing till she came in. Each one was questioned in turn until the little girl was asked: "Have you a soul?" "No!" she replied, in a slow, serious tone. "Have you never had a soul?" asked the minister. "Yes," said the child. "What became of it?" "One day," said she, "lately, while attending the cattle, my soul felt sad and troubled as I thought of my sinfulness and of what Jesus has done for me; I wept and prayed, and I gave up that soul and all its affections to Jesus." This touching anecdote of a child well illustrates our subject, and it will be a happy day for us when we can each say with that simple, trusting child, "I have given my soul to Jesus." What think ye of Christ? Depend upon it, it is a most searching, deep, vital question; it probes the inmost recesses of our hearts, and upon the answer we give to it must depend our eternity.

XXVI.

WHILE the Holy Scriptures contain much that is plain and easy to be comprehended concerning specially our present needs and practical duties, it must be admitted that it also contains much that is mysterious and incomprehensible. This is no ground whatever of objection to Divine revelation, but rather a proof of the truth and genuineness of the sacred volume. A revelation from God which treats of the nature of the Divine Being and of the future life must necessarily treat of some questions which are beyond the grasp and comprehension of finite beings like ourselves. One of the greatest of English preachers has said, "Give me the majestic cloud, the oracular veil, the mighty shadows which recede as we advance, filling the mind with amazement and forbidding us to approach and examine what they are. I wish to be defeated in every effort to understand God and futurity. I wish when I have climbed to the highest pinnacle to which human thought can attain to be compelled to confess that I have not reached the base of the everlasting hills." "For it doth not yet appear, what we shall be."

In that striking picture called the "Voyage of Life," with which we are all familiar, the artist represents a voyager setting out in his youth upon a broad and beautiful river which flows on amid lovely and enchanting scenes. As his bark glides smoothly along he beholds the green and attractive shores reflected in inimitable beauty and perfection in those still waters. Now he sees the distant mountain-tops rising one above another, draped with the fleecy cloud; and, now, his eye rests upon quiet valleys reposing in all their loveliness in the shadows below. All is beautiful and enchanting now to the young voyager. But there are darker shades in the picture beyond. Far down that river on whose smooth surface there plays not a single ripple—oh! how many a sharp rock, how many a foaming and dashing cataract, how many a dangerous whirlpool are in his way; and before he is aware of it he may be entangled in extreme perils, and his boat be hurled upon those which lurk in the cold black waters. Is there not here presented a true and life-like picture of man's moral and spiritual history? The Christian sets out on the voyage to eternity with fair prospects before him, each object and scene painted by his youthful fancy in dazzling colors. But how soon the whole scene changes! How many a dash-

ing breaker of temptation, how many a tempest of affliction lies concealed beneath the surface of that river; and if by the aid of God's heavenly grace, the young voyager does escape spiritual shipwreck, and rises up bruised and saddened, how soon does he encounter another spiritual conflict and another sharp trial. Thus is it in spiritual things. A hidden and mysterious future lies before us. "We know not what shall be on the morrow."

1. Let us endeavor to justify this plan of God—this hiding of the future. This arrangement of our heavenly Father betokens His matchless wisdom as well as His love and mercy. It is a plan carefully adapted to our weak and finite nature; and calculated to develop the heavenly graces of patience and faith. We should be thankful to the Almighty Father that He hides the hereafter and throws over future events a veil of secrecy. For, suppose for example, the merchant knew beforehand that at some precise, fixed unhappy day his business would be involved in bankruptcy and ruin, how would that painful impression take away at once all zest and interest in it? What a gloomy aspect would this prevision throw over all his employments? If we knew beforehand the future, who would enter on the marriage-state, with the precise and infallible certainty that at some

definite day just such a death would enter his happy home and lay its icy touch on his beloved wife or his little ones, knowing all the while the day appointed in which he would behold the painful scene of those dear to him suffering by accident or sharp disease in agony and deadly pain ? How would such an impression unhinge and break up the fabric of human society. If, too, the future were made known, what room would there be for the exercise of trust and endurance and the strength of calm resignation ? It is just this impenetrable darkness of the future which prevents men from sinking down into discouragement and despair. While hope paints the days to come with happy resting places, man rises up with new courage and pursues his favorite calling ; and so it is with the Christian pilgrim. He does not faint nor fall by the way ; he looks forward to the future—the unclouded vision of God—the thrones and starry crowns of the righteous, upheld by faith and hope ; and he patiently perseveres to the end, adopting as his motto :

“ Onward ! for the glorious prize,
Onward yet,
Bright and clear before thine eyes
In the homeward path-way lies ;
Rest is not beneath the skies,
Onward yet

Tarry not : around thy way
Danger lies : oh ! fear to stay :
Rouse then, Christian, watch and pray,
Onward yet !”

2. In regard to *the future after death*, and also in regard to the *state of the redeemed in heaven*, it is still true that *the future is hidden*. Oh ! how many a man has sat down—and of women, many more—sat down beside the couch of a sick and dear friend, and beheld with most intense solicitude the dying out of life’s taper ! You have watched the spirit about to depart as it plumed its flight to the realms of upper-day ; you have looked into the now cold and lifeless face, and has not your heart longed to know what could be the precise condition of that liberated spirit ? “Oh,” you have said to yourself, “if my friend could only come back for a moment and tell me his experience. Where art thou ? Art thou holding blessed communion with spiritual and immortal intelligences in that wonder-realm whither thou hast gone ? Dost thou ever look back on those earthly scenes with which thou wast once familiar, and sympathize in the toils and struggles and trials of those thou didst leave still in this lower world ? What is the nature of that rest with which those who die in the Lord are blessed ?” These and such

like questions, how often how anxiously have they crossed our minds. But, *no answer* comes back from those pale *cold lips*. No answer, did I say? Yes! we have the words of the Apostle, which seem to roll back like distant music upon our listening hearts: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be *like Him* for we shall *see Him* as He is." We shall be *like Him*, *like Christ*; is not that enough? Let us be content that the future is hidden from our sight and revealed but partially even to our faith, and let us persevere unto the end, if such deep and unutterable bliss shall be ours at the last.

XXVII.

WHAT a dreary and desolate scene would the world be without hope ! As a principle of our nature acting upon us in regard to matters pertaining to the present life, hope often exerts a most magical influence over the mind. How it lifts the soul upward from the darkened scenes of earthly calamity to brighter worlds of its own creation decked with flowers and bright with smiling faces. How it draws pictures of ecstatic joy and paints gay visions of future bliss before the youthful imagination—visions, alas ! which are often never realized. How it whispers of health to the sick man, of better and happier days to the downcast. How it breathes its sweet music into the ear of decrepid and frozen old age. Yes, earthly hope alone is a mighty principle ; and it is not possible for any earthly calamity to crush down utterly the human spirit so long as a single spark of hope remains to arouse and gladden it. Take an illustration of the power of hope. Yonder within the huge massive stone walls of a prison is a prisoner's dark cell. In that cell is confined one of the most desper-

ate and hardened of criminals. There he is bound by chains to the hard floor, and seldom a ray of light gleams through the narrow grating of his window ! and yet hope is there as a white robed angel by that wretched man's cot. She keeps her watch fires burning. There he sits in his lonely cell, day after day and week after week, the prey of his own evil thoughts and haunted by the specters of his own guilty imagination. But, suppose you bring the power of hope actively to bear upon that wretched man. Suppose you succeed in *convincing* him that by some means the door of his prison will yet be flung open and his eyes be permitted to greet the cheerful light of day ! How quickly would you dispel from that haggard face the look of gloom and light it up with smiles ! Why, the bare mention of deliverance would then be enough to make that wretched man's heart leap with gladness. What cares he now, think you, for the gloom of his prison and the chains that bind him so long as Hope with her magic pencil paints that enrapturing vision of liberty on his dark prison wall ?

In the year 1663, Vienna, the capital of Austria, was besieged by a large army of the Turks, who now stood just before the gates. As soon as the approach of this hostile force was made known, the Emperor

fled from the city. What were the poor people within its walls to do? Without a leader they were left in a state of sad fear and perplexity. The cry of distress arose, "What shall we do?" At last a thought of hope came into their minds. "The king of Poland, John Sobieski, he is our friend and will help us." A messenger was instantly sent entreating him to come to their rescue. But there was only one way for him to come, and that was a long distance over the great Northern mountains. It was a weary and anxious time; for the siege began in July and lasted until some time in the following September. But these people never despaired. They still hoped on and hoped on; and by and by, as they looked out upon the distant mountain tops they saw far away the brave Poles marching to their rescue. And they did rescue them, for that very day after a bloody and desperate battle Vienna was set free. Such is the power of earthly hope. But we propose now to speak of Christian hope, which is as much higher and grander in its character and results than earthly hope as eternity is more lasting than time. We will proceed to state some two or three grounds of the great superiority of Christian over worldly hope. And

First. *Christian hope* has an *unspeakably better object* in view.

What are the objects of earthly hope ? Every man has some favorite object of pursuit ; it may be fame, riches, honor ; but whatever it be, he cannot reach his prize without a hard struggle. He must contest his way in life against many obstacles, perhaps amid worldly disappointments, domestic trials, and well-nigh crushing adversities. But at length he is successful, and secures the object of his earthly ambition. Is he satisfied ? Are his golden dreams of happiness realized ? Is it not after all grasping a shadow ? You pass by a stately mansion, and through the half-drawn curtains you see the rich furniture and brilliant ornaments within ; in that dwelling a sumptuous table is spread with every luxury that wealth can procure ; the cheerful evening firelight flashes on costly vessels of gold and silver, and its inmates tread those halls which are covered with soft velvet carpets : “ Oh ! how happy,” says one, “ must those favored persons be who live in such a splendid mansion.” But wait a few years and now enter that house again. Where are now the gay and happy faces that once occupied those grand apartments ? The rich owner once had a wife and beautiful daughter ; she possessed every grace and accomplishment ; she was the idol of his heart, the pride and ornament of his home ; he thought of her when he

was building that splendid mansion ; she was even dearer to him than his bank-stock ; and he was fondly anticipating a day when she would grow up by his side as a noble vine to cheer and gladden his old age. But now, alas ! she is gone, and with grey locks, careworn looks and tottering limbs, he is going down to the narrow house appointed for all living.

Such is the object and end of earthly hope. It weaves a bright future. It holds out a dazzling prize, which in the end changes to a bitter disappointment.

Now turn to the other side and see what are the objects of Christian hope. How vastly superior the latter to the former ! The Christian believer struggles on beset with temptations and difficulties, but he gathers strength and courage as he goes forward facing life's trials. Why ? Because he has a most glorious object in view, his eye is directed to the mansions of the living God where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." He endures as Saint Paul did, "seeing Him Who is invisible," and he "hath respect unto the recompense of the reward." He can say with that same Apostle, "we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." This is hope, sure and certain, which embraces within

its view the infinite and the immortal ; and surely it evidences the superiority of Christian over earthly hope.

2d. But another reason of this superiority is that Christian hope has a better basis to rest upon. Did you ever stand upon the surf-beaten shore and wait for the massive waves to roll in, threatening the sandy foundation on which you stood ? Did you ever wake up on some winter morning and see the earth sown with pearls, and every tree and bush, as it were, hung with sparkling diamonds, and then look out an hour or two after and behold all this magnificent scene dissipated by the sun's rays ? Does not this well represent earthly hope's uncertainty ? Now it is not thus with Christian hope. "Our hope," says an eminent Divine, 'is not hung upon such an untwisted thread as : 'I imagine so,' 'it is very probable,' 'you may expect so-and-so,' but the strong rope of our fastened anchor is the oath and promise of Him Who is eternal verity." "Wherein God," says the Apostle, "willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath ; that by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us in the Gospel ; which hope we

have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." Can you imagine any stronger basis than this on which Christian hope rests? This is the immovable rock on which the Christian's hope is founded, the sure word and promise of Almighty God; a rock on which the believer can stand secure, and against which the waves of doubt and despair dash in vain. It stands

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swell from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

3d. Christian hope is vastly superior to worldly hope in the results to which it leads. I would not be understood to decry earthly hope. It is a gift and blessing for which we ought to be thankful to God. "It is," says a writer "one of those beautiful fragments of statuary left undestroyed by sin, and found among the ruins of man's fallen temple, and it only shows how fair and glorious must have been the original structure when it came from the hands of the great Architect." It is one of the noblest relics of the fall. God be thanked that it continues still to live on in this dark world. It is the parent of many noble deeds and heroic struggles. But we must not forget that earthly hope expires at the grave.

What can it do for us in our last hour? Shall it bring its allurements and fascination and try to turn our heart away from that sadness? Alas! We have been misled too long by it to be deceived then. The soul turns away from the objects of earthly hope, that once dazzled and entrapped it in the days of health, when the world was gay and a thousand lights were blazing; and it reaches forth toward *Christian* hope, which is born of true faith, inspired by the Holy Spirit, and built upon the cross of Christ. Such a hope alone can sustain us and make for our souls a safe passage to the land of blessedness and rest. Oh! how many thousands on the earth and what countless multitudes in Paradise have set their seal to the truth of these words of Holy Scripture: "The hope of the righteous shall be gladness;" "blessed is the man whose hope the Lord is."

XXVIII.

THE famous banquet of Belshazzar marked the downfall of the ancient and mighty city of Babylon, centre of that great empire that once ruled the world.

That renowned city had around it a circuit of walls fifty miles in length and three hundred feet high. It had two hundred and fifty towers and one hundred and forty gates of brass which bade defiance to the battering ram and all other enginery of war. Besides, it had its hanging garden suspended nearly four hundred feet in the air—loaded with shrubs and waving trees; and numerous sparkling fountains leaped from beneath the floral arches. The haughty monarch, Belshazzar, as he walked the balcony of his palace, looked out upon a scene of grandeur. The massive structures of art lay piled one above another and the brilliant sunshine was reflected back from the silver waters of the Euphrates.

It is night. The shadows of evening are gathering over the magnificent city. The air is soft and clear,

while crowds of gaily dressed men and women are hurrying through those lighted streets, some pressing into theaters, some into galleries of art, while others still are moving on toward the palace gates. What is appearing there? The king has prepared a royal feast in honor of his own imperial sway and greatness. Thousands are moving on toward the scene of the royal banquet. Look at the splendid banquet-room! How gorgeous! Column after column, arch above arch, long glittering corridors. See the statues of great men looking down from their pedestals; see the costly hangings, the gay garlands, the rich ornaments, all combining to form such a dazzling scene as the earth never saw before. And now comes in the king himself, with a thousand of his lords. The hall is lighted with golden candlesticks. The table is spread with every conceivable luxury. Princes and nobles are there; women dressed with the most costly apparel and bedecked with the rarest jewels grace the scene. When all are seated, the command goes forth, "Fill up the golden goblets; let the rich perfume rise thickly from the censers; raise the loud and merry laugh and let enrapturing bursts of music be heard through all the place." From thousands of lips of riotous guests there proceeds the cry, "Oh! thou mighty potentate, live forever!" The feast

is at its height. Wilder and still wilder grows the tumult; louder and still louder ring the shouts of laughter, insane mirth and drunken song. Then suddenly there is a pause in that high revelry, suddenly that company of feasters and guests cease their mirth. The startled monarch Belshazzar turns pale, and the untasted goblet falls from his lips. The women stand aghast, or fall fainting upon the marble floor. What is the cause of this? Is it a ghostly visitant that has come to terrify the haughty monarch and his careless friends? No, there is a mysterious hand-writing on the wall. What is it? The terrified and guilty monarch calls for Daniel the prophet, to come in and interpret the ominous writing. Daniel obeys the summons. His inspired vision scans the future, and he foretells the doom of that proud and wicked city, under the fearful judgment of a just God, whose laws the king had set at defiance. The sentence was written in letters of fire on the walls of the banquet-room, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

We will now close the doors of that grand palace; we will not detail the scene of that terrible night's slaughter, nor picture the gorgeous apartment so lately filled with merry guests, now filled with the bodies

of the slain, the king himself among them. Let us draw a veil over such a terrible scene, and yet try to gather a few lessons from it.

1st. It teaches that irreligion, impiety and infidelity will surely work a nation's downfall. When a people cast off the fear of Almighty God, set at defiance His righteous law, and become corrupt, profligate and sensual, not recognizing a Supreme Being or their responsibility to Him, but desecrating His Sabbaths; or when they become worshippers of false Gods, and not only so, but cast contempt and ridicule upon the God of their forefathers, then their downfall is near.

Belshazzar was not ignorant. He had opportunities of knowing God's will. He had seen the awful judgement of heaven which befell Nebuchadnezzar before him, for his idolatry and impiety; and yet, in spite of the laws of God and the dictates of conscience, irreverently and blasphemously he sets religion aside. Let any nation do this; let any nation devote itself to pride and mammon and vanity, and it needs not now a prophet to predict that nation's doom, for all history teaches it. The city may seem impregnable, and fitted to defy all human assaults. It may have tried soldiers, sagacious legislators, prosperous trades, far-reaching commerce; but if it tramples on the

divine law and seeks earthly good, earthly aggrandizement only, that nation will fall, and over its appalling ruin will be written, as in letters of fire: "Thou are weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

2d. We may learn another lesson from this narrative, viz: that it is the duty of God's ministers boldly to expose and rebuke sin and worldliness. At that critical moment when the feast had reached its highest splendor and all hearts were aglow—and, then, shortly after, when a thrill of horror rushed through every soul, and when the king himself became alarmed, so that in the language of the Sacred Word, "his countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him; the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote the one against the other," he sends for the astrologers and asks them to explain the meaning of the inscription on the wall. But when they could not explain it, blank terror seized the mind of the king and the minds of his courtiers. What is now to be done? Presently a woman, calm, dignified, resolute, suggests the person who shall solve the difficulty—Daniel the prophet, a man gifted by God with a superhuman wisdom. The king sends for him, and Daniel comes in, and with a boldness and a decision worthy of his high position, unfolds before the trembling monarch his crimes. It

would have been far pleasanter to have extolled the king and joined the multitudes in their vain adulation. But Daniel knew that he had a duty to discharge, and that such a course would give him only a momentary popularity, and at the cost of compromising his principles and offending his conscience. So it is often the duty of Christ's ministers to denounce sin and rebuke iniquity. Let them not fear, but rather imitate the example of Daniel. Daniel did not thrust himself unbidden into the palace of Belshazzar; he came when bidden, and did his duty as a servant and prophet of the Most High. He had a firm trust in God, and God was his protection and reward.

XXIX.

WE have often noticed some thick green hedge enclosing, it may be, a lawn, a garden, a dwelling, and forming a compact wall of protection and beauty. As that hedge surrounds and protects the fruits and flowers of the garden and adds to its loveliness, so does God surround each one of us with various moral barriers and restraints to protect us from harm and danger, and make our life righteous; and these may not inappropriately be termed “the Divine hedges.” Let us proceed in this brief letter to enumerate some of them :

1st. There is the hedge of *conscience*. This has been well termed God’s viceroy over the realm of the human spirit. It always registers a faithful verdict upon every action of our lives. It is a monitor within reach of us which asserts its right to overrule taste, caprice, interest. It commends the good and warns us of the evil. Whoever swerves from the path of duty or follows the dictates of his own

evil passions and desires, and ventures for the sake of ease and sinful indulgence to walk in ways which end in ruin and perdition, whoever does this does it, you may rest assured, against loud and constant accusations from within. He may smother this voice for a time, may disregard the laws of God, and go in the path of sin ; but let him not think that conscience will always sleep. No. This Divine monitor within will always awake to fulfill its office. It will pierce through the thick walls of his fancied security, and in tones which shall startle and alarm and rebuke him for his misdoing and folly. Look for example at the case of the prodigal son. When far away in that distant land, in a state of poverty and want, his splendid apparel exchanged for squalid rags, instead of the rich dainties of his father's house eating the husks which the swine ate, as his thoughts went back to the old happy scenes of home, how did conscience smite him with its loud and unsparing accusations ! With what thorns did it fill every pillow where he would fain rest his weary head, until he resolved to arise and go to his father, confess his sin and plead for forgiveness ! Or look at the case of Joseph's brethren. When they from love of gain and envy sold that lovely boy into the hands of the Ishmaelites, and took back the

coat of many colors to their father, covered with stains of blood, and the old man was bowed down with grief over the sad fate of the darling of his heart, was conscience asleep, think you, in the breasts of those cruel men? They thought, doubtless, this was an end of the matter. But it was not so. During all the successive steps of that wonderful boy's history, from the day when he left his father's tents, until he was finally invested with the chief power in Egypt, next to the King, conscience was busy rebuking those men; and when they came down to buy corn for their famished households, and Joseph, then raised to such great dignity, made himself known to them, saying: "I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?"—words which could not have been less astonishing to them than if the earth itself had opened beneath their feet—Oh! then how must conscience have smitten them, filled their hearts with shame and remorse, and painted their guilt before them! We cannot but see what a powerful hedge, what a mighty wall of protection the Almighty has placed around our pathway in this one attribute of conscience.

2d. Another is *those emotions of pleasure* which follow upright conduct and deeds of charity.

Virtue and goodness are in their nature joy-pro-

ducing. Did any one ever hear of a man who had done a good or benevolent deed repenting of it? Suppose, for instance, you were standing upon the deck of a vessel at sea, and there stood by your side a mother with her bright and beautiful boy in her arms, and she were by unhappy accident to drop that boy into the water, and you instantly, with a noble disregard of self, plunge over the ship's side and rescue the child from a watery grave and restore it to its mother's arms, would you not reap a rich reward, not only in the overflowing gratitude of that mother, but also in the feelings of your own heart? There is no good action without its harvest of rejoicing in the doer's own soul.

You sit down with a child in a Sunday-school, and endeavor to impress upon its young mind the truths of our holy religion, to teach that young susceptible heart the love of Jesus, the beauty of holiness, the happiness of heaven; and you are more than paid for the labor in the consciousness of good attempted, if not also of great good done. And so, of all righteousness and charity in our lives.

3d. Another "Divine hedge" is to be found in the *Church of God*. What can be more admirably fitted to train men in the way of holiness and keep them from the evil that is in the world than this? The

Sunday services and devotions, the sermons preached, the prayers offered, the hymns sung, the Sacraments received—what a mighty influence do these exert upon us? Philip Henry said, of a well-spent Sabbath: “If this be not the way to heaven, I know not what is.”

It is by the Church that the infant is brought into the family of God through holy baptism. It is here that he receives his early religious training, and that precious seed is sown in the young heart which will ripen into a future glorious harvest. It is here that he comes to renew in confirmation the baptismal vow. Oh! how many tender, solemn, and powerful associations centre around the Church of God! how many sweet, never-dying memories of Sunday privileges centre here! Coleridge once remarked: “I feel as if God, by giving us the Sabbath, has given us fifty-two springs of spiritual life and comfort in every year.” When we think of the mighty influence for good which the Church exerts, how it guards and protects the spiritual character of its members from childhood to old age, presides at the birth, the bridal, the burial, we can but look upon it as one of the strong hedges which God has thrown around us to guard us from evil and conduct us at last to our heavenly home.

4th. Still *another hedge* placed about us by a Divine hand—adversity, affliction, trial.

Whence come afflictions? God's Word assures us that they do not spring from the ground—that they are part of the necessary discipline which is to fit us for another and higher state of being. Trials are, indeed, hard to bear. It is no easy thing to see the sweet child of one's love pine away and die. It would be much more pleasant to us to enjoy uninterrupted ease and prosperity, and glide along smoothly upon the current of life, lulled by the soft music of its waters. But God Who knows better than we, puts thorns and briers into our present downy nest of prosperity, lest we sleep the sleep of spiritual death. Afflictions have a wise end in view. Even the heathen, Bion, could say, "It is a great misfortune not to endure misfortune." Anaxagoras, when his house was in ruin and his estate wasted, exclaimed "If they had not perished, I should have perished."

5th. Another hedge is to be found in *the influences of God's blessed Spirit*. He acts upon our hearts and inclines us to that which is good. He takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto us. The office of the Spirit is to "convince the world, of sin, of righteousness and of judgement." He is ever draw-

ing us unto the fountain of living waters, ever leading us onward and upward. Our sanctification is His gift. If we are moved to righteous living it is His inspiration. If we weary not in well doing it is His strength. Such are some of the wonderful hedges which God hath placed around our path to protect us from evil and bring us to happiness and peace. And if this be true, it seems to enforce the profound doctrine that "God is love." His tender mercy is over all His works. He willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live. Surely our wisdom is to respect these Divine barriers and to live within them. Obey the dictates of that inward monitor and guide, the conscience. Know by happy experience the pure enjoyment which accompanies upright conduct and loving deeds. Prize the Church of God, its sweet Sabbath privileges, its praises and prayers. Regard our afflictions not as mere accidents and mischances, but, as so many golden links in the chain of God's love, designed to lift us from this present scene of suffering and sorrow to the untold joys and splendor of the New Jerusalem. To that city through God's abounding mercy and grace may we at length come! There, not hedges any longer but freedom in the

truth and in holy obedient love forevermore. Oh
heavenly Jerusalem!

“Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks on either side,
The trees of life do grow.”

XXX.

THE transfiguration of Christ is one of the most striking and marvellous events of His life upon the earth. It is supposed by Biblical scholars to have taken place on Mount Tabor in Galilee, a lofty summit, six miles east of Nazareth. From this bold elevation is visible the Jordan, winding like a silver thread through the valley below ; far away in the north-west, you behold the shining waters of the Mediterranean. On the east, you see the quiet sleeping Lake of Gennesaret ; and, in the distance, Hermon with its snowy peak, and Carmel with its ever-green pine and venerable oak. This was the place of our Blessed Lord's transfiguration. Here it was that there occurred that most astonishing and glorious scene, the like to which earth had never before witnessed. Let us for a moment go back in time, and with the aid of the light to be gathered from the Scripture narrative, let us endeavor to describe this wondrous event. It is near the dusk of evening, and a little company consisting of four persons may be seen leaving their quiet homes and

taking their way toward that mountain of which we have just spoken. One of them is Jesus the Divine Saviour. Another is Peter, the impulsive and intrepid leader of the twelve; a third is James the Apostle; and the fourth John, the beloved disciple, the Lord's most constant and endeared companion. Onward this little band press their way toward the favored mountain which was so soon to be crowned with its grand scenes and wondrous revelations. As they climb up the steep, rugged pathway, the dim twilight deepens into denser darkness; the lights in the distant city grow dim, and in the still evening no sound is heard but the wind as it stirs the thick foliage, or the rivulet of the wilderness as it dashes along over the rocks. The journey was a laborious one ere these travelers gained the desired summit. Nearly four hundred years ago the immortal Raphael after long care and industry completed his grand picture of the Transfiguration. It was placed in St. Peter's, Rome, and to this day retains its wonderful and impressive beauty. It is said that every figure, every expression and look, every color and shade is as perfect and life-like as when drawn by the artist's hand; and if the painting so thrills the astonished beholder what, we may well ask, must have been the event itself?

Imagine if you can, the scene: The Son of Mary; the Carpenter of Nazareth; the Master Who had journeyed with His disciples through Judea and Galilee, and submitted Himself to continual hardships and privations—this same Jesus is now changed before their eyes into a Form of unearthly brightness. Around those rough worn garments, woven without a seam, there gathers a strange radiance, while His countenance gleams with celestial splendor. As the evangelist says, “His face shone as the sun, and His garments became white as the light;” and St. Mark adds: “Such as no fuller on earth can white them.” It would seem as if the Saviour designed to give us here a manifestation of the heavenly glory, on this side of the border line of the future world. Then appear two resplendent beings from the invisible realm, Moses and Elias, talking with Jesus. The disciples gaze in wonder and great fear, and Peter cries out “Lord, it is good for us to be here, and let us make here three tabernacles; one for Thee, and one for Moses and one for Elias;” and then we are told, a bright luminous cloud overshadowed them and a voice proceeded out of the cloud saying: “This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him!” Overcome by this supernatural vision the disciples fall prostrate on the ground. but are soon

brought back again to consciousness by the restoring hand and voice of Jesus. What then follows? We are told that “they saw no man but Jesus only.” The momentary splendor of Mount Tabor, Moses and Elias in their shining vestments, the cloud with its unearthly effulgence—these have faded away. But, it is not a matter of surprise that all these lesser accompaniments of that wondrous scene should be utterly lost in the presence of Jesus. Let us now briefly consider the thought here suggested, that Jesus is the one supreme object which shines forth and surpasses all others; the marvel of marvels.

1st. Look at Him in *His birth*. It is true, *there*, that we can see none but *Jesus only*. How wonderful His advent into our world—a helpless infant! His cradle a manger! His birthplace a stable! His parents, the humble virgin and the carpenter Joseph! Look, the heavens are lighted up with a dazzling glory! a new born star gleams nightly in Judea’s sky! A host of angels descend from heaven to earth and fill the air with their entrancing melody! Who is this helpless infant? It is God’s own eternal Son. He lived ages before the world was made. “The King of Kings,” “The Wonderful,” “Counsellor,” “the Mighty God,” “the Everlasting Father,” “the

Prince of Peace." Was there ever such a child? Who is not astonished at the marvel of His birth? Who is not ready to confess "we see none but Jesus only."

2d. Look at His boyhood. Let us go into the humble abode of the carpenter. In all probability it was a very plain dwelling with little furniture, no show or ornament; doubtless a wooden chest was there, with tools. And here lived the youthful Jesus, kind and dutiful to His parents, winning by His gentle temper and holy walk the esteem and love of all who knew Him. Who is that gentle lovely boy? He is the Son of God. He has a higher, nobler descent than that of Mary. He had being before Mary was born—before the world began, or time. See him when, twelve years old, He goes up to the temple at Jerusalem, and sits among those learned Rabbis, silencing their wise interpretations by His amazing wisdom. Was there ever such a marvellous boy, possessed of an understanding which confounded those old Jewish Doctors, an understanding deeper than that of Plato or Socrates? Was there ever such a child, in all history, as this? "Holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners," His youth without a fault or a stain, beginning His existence not as other children who inherit the fallen nature of their parents, but starting

into life pure and innocent, and like the sun, advancing cloudless and bright to its noon.

3d. Then again: Look at Jesus, as a minister and public teacher, holding His hearers spell-bound by His doctrine, so that all the people were very attentive to hear Him, listening to the lessons of heavenly truth that fell from His lips, in the Temple, in places of public resort, by the way, and on the mountain side. To compare Jesus as a teacher with others, is as absurd as it is irreverent. It is like comparing the glories of the noonday sun with the pale glimmer of marsh-light. Who but Jesus would have dared to utter such words as these: "I am the light of the world;" "I and my Father are one;" "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me"? For a mere man to make such declarations would be nothing short of blasphemy; and yet, the judgment of the world, for eighteen centuries past, has not been able to discover in them the slightest egotism.

Moreover, follow Jesus to the place of His death, and who ever died as Jesus died, amid supernatural darkness, the throes of an earthquake, the temple's veil rent asunder, and the graves of many saints opened, from which the awakened sleepers arose and came into the city after His resurrection! Think, also, of His resurrection; when, though placed

in a tomb sealed up, and guarded well by Roman soldiers, yet an angel descends and rolls back the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre; and Jesus, by His own might, comes forth a triumphant King and Conqueror, thus securing to man the glorious hope of a resurrection. Once more: Consider Him as He ascends up to “the glory which He had with the Father before the world was,” exalted high above angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, worshipped by all the heavenly hosts—who is there that can be compared with Jesus? Who, as his eye gazes round on the wondrous vision of heaven, as he beholds the assembly of the glorified, will not first, and above all, fall down and worship Jesus? It will not be the glorious walls, and the sapphire throne, the gates of pearl, the golden streets, and the crystal river which will attract and fix the attention of the saved and fill his thoughts, but Jesus, our Lord. He is the beatific vision. As it was with the disciples of old, so will it be with us who attain to that heavenly land; we shall “see none but Jesus only,” with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, for ever and ever.

XXXI.

THERE is no day so memorable in the Church calendar as the festival of Easter. I know not a more befitting theme with which to occupy at this time the attention of the readers of your Magazine than those words addressed by the angels to the devout women who came to visit Jesus' sepulchre: "Come see the place where the Lord lay." And

1st. We may regard this as an invitation to visit the tomb of Jesus. How can I invite you to a spot more interesting and more sacred than this—the tomb of Jesus. What stirring historical associations and memories of the past cluster around it! During the whole of what are called "the Middle Ages" the tomb of Jesus was the great central-point of interest and attraction. Myriads at that time, of the young and the old, the wise and the ignorant, the king and the serf, princes and warriors from the countries of Europe and Asia, many of them roused by the preaching of Peter the Hermit—all these pressed forward toward that sacred spot animated by one and the same purpose of recovering it from the hands of unbelievers. That famous battle-cry of

the past has ceased, but the tomb of Jesus has lost none of its interest. It is still the bright goal toward which countless pilgrim feet have pressed and are still pressing from every land and every clime ; and around which innumerable hearts have throbbed with sacred emotion, as being the place once consecrated by Jesus' form ; into which Joseph and Nicodemus once bore Jesus' crucified body ; where that body reposed over the Sabbath ; where it awoke to life, and into which the angels and the Marys and the amazed disciples entered on that first Easter morn. In extending to you this invitation, "Come see the place where the Lord lay," I do not ask you to visit the precise spot where the Saviour was buried and arose, for I do not know that this is settled beyond a doubt. It is not an essential thing, and therefore it is hardly worth while to enter into those controversies which have been carried on by learned writers in reference to the exact locality of Jesus' tomb. What is now called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where the marble floors are worn by numberless visitors, where bright lamps and costly incense are kept burning, may or may not be upon the place where that sepulchre was. It matters not. It was once known. To whom ?

Mary knew it. She who had been once such a

notorious sinner, and who had experienced the sweetness of her Saviour's forgiving love; who washed his feet with tears, and wiped them with the soft tresses of her hair; who hastened forth at early dawn on that memorable Easter morning, with tender affection, to visit the sepulchre, and who when she arrived there beheld the astonishing scene—the huge stone rolled away, the armed sentinels fallen on their faces, and the angels clad in white robes sitting there! Yes, Mary knew where Jesus' tomb was.

Joseph of Arimathea, he also knew. He who had secretly loved Jesus; who was a member of the Jewish Sanhedrim, and opposed in vain their action in condemning the Saviour; who went and begged the body of Jesus, and in company with Nicodemus, bore it sadly and silently to his own new tomb in a garden, thus preventing the Saviour's body from being buried with those of malefactors in the potter's field; by which tender act of Christian love, his name and memory will ever be fragrant in the Church on earth—he knew where Jesus' tomb was. Who else knew it? Joanna, Salome, Mary the mother of James. With hearts heavy with grief, these devout women, the faithful followers of Jesus, came early to the sepulchre, bearing sweet spices to embalm His body. The thought now uppermost in their minds

was, "Who shall roll away for us the stone from the sepulchre?" What was their surprise when they found it already rolled away, and a white-robed angel, with a countenance that out-flashed the lightning, sitting upon it! Startled at the scene, they immediately conjecture that Jesus' enemies must have been there and taken away the body. So, one of them runs to give the alarm, while the others tarry behind. Then it was that the angel turns to them and says, as if to quiet their fears: "Be not affrighted. Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth Who was crucified. He is not here; He is risen. Come see the place where the Lord lay." We may mention one or two more who also knew where Jesus' tomb was. One was Peter, impulsive and headlong in his disposition; sometimes guilty of moral weakness, denying his Lord and soon after repenting bitterly of his conduct. With characteristic impetuosity he runs to the sepulchre, enters it, and takes careful note of what he saw.

And there was one more who knew where our Lord's tomb was—Mary, His mother. With what a bleeding heart she must have stood by the cross and listened to the last accents of His dying affection, "Woman, behold thy son!" and with what mingled awe and rejoicing must she have heard the glorious tidings of her Son's resurrection! But

2d. Our subject invites us not only to consider the locality of Jesus' sepulchre but also to consider it as *an open, empty* sepulchre, as the place where the Lord lay. He was its prisoner once, but its prisoner for only three days. Let us go back for a moment and think of those scenes which followed the crucifixion. The excitement attending it has passed. The guilty participators in that tragedy have retired to their homes. There is a universal quietude since Jesus was borne by faithful loving hands to His burial in the garden of Joseph. It is now the dark of evening. The night shades are deepening, and the holy city sinks to its repose. You hear nothing but the gentle sighing of the winds as they sweep through the olive trees, or the clanking of the armor or weapons of the guards as they pass to and fro beside the tomb. Morning comes and a long day passes by. Jesus' enemies and murderers now feel confident that all His pretensions have come to a final end ; that the hopes of His followers are now forever blasted, and that the little faithful band who have forsaken home and friends and endured sufferings and privations for Jesus' sake will henceforth only be objects of the world's pity and scorn !

But night again enshrouds the earth. The bright stars twinkle gently in the sky. The hum of the

busy populace has died away, and nature moves on quietly and peacefully toward the coming morn, as though Jesus was truly and hopelessly dead. Dead! Is he dead? Listen! What sounds are those that we hear breaking the stillness of the hour? An earthquake upheaves the ground. The rocks are rending. The sealed sepulchre is flung open. The hour is come! The angel descends and rolls back the stone. At his presence the guards tremble and fall prostrate as dead men. Jesus awakes from His death-sleep—awakes by His own Divine energy and comes forth from His grave, victor of death! Yes! for the first time in the history of the world the dead hath had power to live again! Here is One Who hath conquered the conqueror of all kings and mighty ones! Here is One Who hath broken open the prison-doors, and made Himself free from death's thralldom, and Who will also set His people free. We can easily imagine, then, how comforting and cheering must the words have been to those affrighted, sorrowing women: "Fear not, for I know that ye seek Jesus Which was crucified. He is not here, for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay." It was the same as if he had said, "Be not troubled or disquieted at the scenes you behold. Cast aside your fears and

doubts and ‘see the place where the Lord lay.’ See! it is an open tomb—a deserted grave.” What those women needed most of all, and what we all desire supremely, is to be assured of the reality of Christ’s resurrection. One look at the *open, deserted tomb* of Jesus is worth more than the thousand vague guessings of philosophy or dim teachings of natural religion. “Come, see the place where the Lord lay.” That place was a grave. Jesus hath lain there ; so must we. We cannot shut death out of view, if we would. We must all die and be laid, as our Lord was, in the cold and silent grave. But is that all? Does our being end in that? No. Jesus’ open tomb proclaims that there is a resurrection for the body, and for the soul an immortality ; that sin and death are not the supreme powers, but tyrants for a time only. Christ hath broken their dominion; and every true believer in Him can now say of the grave :

‘ Grave, the guardian of our dust !
Grave, the treasury of the skies !
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.
Hark ! the judgment trumpet calls :
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay,
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day.’”

TESTIMONIALS

FROM THE

CHURCH AND SECULAR PRESS.

The New York Church Press, under date of March 6th, 1886, says:

LETTERS FROM WALDEGRAVE COTTAGE (James Pott & Co., Astor Place, New York, 1886) form a remarkably interesting and instructive volume. They have been written by the Rev. George W. Nichols, A.M., and are dedicated to a loving sister who is familiar with many of the scenes, sketches, and characters which are portrayed. The letters are twenty-three in number, and treat upon a great variety of topics. Some of them have previously appeared in print, and are republished at the solicitation of those who have read them; others are now printed for the first time. The aim of the author has been to afford interest and to do good. In this he has succeeded remarkably well. His topics are varied and diversified, blending personal reminiscences with social questions, ecclesiastical relations, and theological discussions; whilst the style throughout is simple and ornate, at once captivating and instructive. The writer enunciates sound views, and imparts useful information; and his "Letters from Waldegrave Cottage" will be prized by those who know Mr. Nichols, as a gift of friendship, and by those who read them for their own merit, as the outpouring of a scholarly mind and a generous soul. Some of the letters demand special attention, as, for example, that on "The Bible and the Church," and No. XIII., on the "Home and Family." The publishers have brought out the letters in a neat and substantial form, and to hundreds the volume will be an acceptable gift.

The Bridgeport (Conn.) Daily Standard, of March 6th, 1886, has the following:

LETTERS FROM WALDEGRAVE, by the Rev. Geo. Warner Nichols, A.M., author of "Childhood's Memories," and "A Pastor's Wreath." This little book is a collection of letters which have heretofore appeared in print, but are now gathered in book form at the instance of those who, knowing something of the scenes, sketches and characters portrayed, took special interest in their appearance in a more permanent

form. They appear to be well worthy of preservation and they possess an interest which is much broader than their local or personal significance. Among the persons sketched are the Rev. Dr. Harry Crosswell, Rector of Trinity Church, New Haven; Chief Justice John Jay; the Rt. Rev. Thomas Church Brownell, Bishop of Connecticut; the Author's Mother; the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks of New York; the Rt. Rev. John Henry Hobart, Bishop of New York, etc. The book has portraits of most of these, and also cuts of Waldegrave Cottage, Norwalk, Conn.; the residence of the late Rev. Samuel Nichols, D.D., Greenfield Hill, Conn., and St. Matthew's Church and Parsonage, Bedford, Westchester County, New York. The work is full of admirable moral lessons and teachings drawn from the subjects touched upon, and of pleasant and interesting reminiscences which have considerable historical value, particularly in Fairfield County. The book can be procured of the author by addressing him, Box 344, Post Office, Norwalk, Conn. Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, \$1.00.

The Church Record, published at Southport, Conn.:

LETTERS FROM WALDEGRAVE COTTAGE. By Rev. George W. Nichols, A.M. These letters now published in book form for the first time, have many of them appeared in print before. To those previously printed are now added a number of others to fill out the series. The letters themselves are just what they purport to be, pleasant, chatty writings concerning a variety of topics. The author's extensive acquaintance with men and affairs for more than a generation past enables him to weave together facts of the present with reminiscences of the past. Great men in the Church's story, who appear to us of the younger generation to belong to an age long past, are to the writer's mind but a step removed from the present. Of them, and of events that now make history, of scenes and customs which in our swiftly changing social life have already become matters of bygone days, he speaks with the power of an eye-witness, and gives an air of reality to his notes and observations. Mingled with these remarks upon men and events (that belong to that best class of pleasant gossip, which is never improper, and always increases our knowledge of human life) are other letters that deal with deeper and holier themes of the Christian Faith, reverently, and yet in the same friendly and conversational manner. Altogether, this volume belongs to a class of literature that is too little cultivated to-day, and may be read with pleasure and profit during many a leisure hour.

From the South Norwalk Sentinel:

LETTERS FROM WALDEGRAVE. The above is the title of a book recently issued, and which has a local interest. Its author is the Rev. Geo. Warner Nichols, A.M., who a few years ago purchased the place on West street now occupied by him, and which he calls "Waldegrave Cottage," for reasons given by him in the first chapter of his book, to wit: "It is said, and with considerable show of truth, that the writer is a descendant of the Earl of Waldegrave who died in England many years since." In the book will be found much food for thought. The letters in the main pertain to a careful consideration and discussion of subjects of a moral and religious character, which are presented in a very clear and readable form. These are interspersed with pleasant personal reminiscences and descriptions. Of the latter the chapter describing the "Cottage" and the town in which it is situated and those surrounding it will be of special interest to local readers. The book is quite extensively illustrated. The price is \$1.00.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine, edited by Dr. Talmage, has the following:

Our readers will remember the very delightful "Letters from Waldegrave Cottage" by the Rev. George W. Nichols, which have from time to time in the last two years appeared in this magazine. They have now been gathered into a volume by the author, with some additions, and published by James Pott & Co., New York. The letters are written in a gossipy, reminiscent style, and deal with subjects and persons of past and present interest. The author is a retired clergyman, and his recollections of the past in these letters afford very charming reading.

The Church Magazine, published by L. R. Hamersley & Co., Philadelphia, has the following (April number, 1886:

LETTERS FROM WALDEGRAVE COTTAGE, by the Rev. George Warner Nichols, A.M. A clergyman of mature age, in this book, recalls the events of his past life. Good Bishop Griswold had once ministered in one of his parishes and his blessed influence remained. Rev. Dr. Harry Crosswell aided and advised the writer in church-building in his early ministry. As old and new scenes pass along in the volume, it is pleasant to see that an optimist is viewing the world. The Holy Scriptures and the Church are lovingly held up before the attention, as the anchors of faith. As a lad, Mr. Nichols well remembered the excellent John Jay, the friend of Washington, as his father's parish-

ioner in Bedford, New York; more than half the cost of the erection of the church there was borne by him. Dr. A. H. Stephens, of New York, declared that the influence of a family service of prayer, witnessed in that distinguished Churchman's home, ever abode with him.

Bishop Brownell's faithful work is noticed. The family life at the home of the author's father, and the character of the loving mother are pleasantly sketched. Dr. Francis L. Hawks' brilliant career in New York is described and his last utterance is given: "I cling to the cross of Jesus as my only hope." The elder Dr. Stephen H. Tyng is shown in his palmy days. Bishop Hobart's great work also comes in review, and his sudden death in 1830 in Auburn, while on a visitation in Dr. Rudd's parish. Thirteen commemorative discourses were placed in his memoir. The closing chapters treat on points of Christian faith and heavenly hope. There is a country freshness about the summer excursions and the drives along the Sound, near Waldegrave Cottage, the Norwalk home of the author. Several pictures of men and places adorn the volume.

The following Letter was received by the Author from the Hon. John Jay, of New York.

191 SECOND AVE., NEW YORK, March 10th, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR:—Allow me to thank you for your "Letters from Waldegrave Cottage," which I received yesterday from the publisher. I have read them with interest, also your reminiscences of Bedford and your venerable father, for whose gentle character and quiet virtues I had from boyhood a profound regard; nor have I overlooked the tribute gracefully paid by you to my grandfather, and members of his family in the next generation, all of whom have passed away. You are one of the few persons living who have seen the first Chief-Justice and can picture him from personal recollection. Should you visit Bedford, you would see the same beautiful and picturesque scenery, and you would find that no excess of modern improvement has impaired the familiar looks of St. Matthew's Church and Parsonage or the old haunts of your boyhood in our ancient village.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN JAY.

From the Brooklyn Magazine, April, 1886.

A volume of entertaining LETTERS FROM WALDEGRAVE COTTAGE, by Rev. George W. Nichols, A.M., bears the imprint of James Pott & Co., of New York. The Letters for the most part, were printed serially in the *Sunday Magazine*, and the interest awakened by them

during that publication, has led to their collection and preservation in this more permanent form. The cottage of the title is located at Norwalk, Conn., its name being derived from the Earl of Waldegrave, of whom the author is a lineal descendant. The letters are twenty-three in number and cover a wide range of thought, from descriptions of places visited by the author, recollections of distinguished clergy, to the consideration of vital religious questions, all bearing evidences of a well-trained mind and a skillful style of expression that serve to make the volume interesting and enjoyable. A picture of Waldegrave Cottage is given, as are also portraits of scenes and individuals described by the author.

From the Church Eclectic, of April, 1886. Edited by Dr. W. T. Gibson, and published at Utica, N. Y.

Although many might say this is only a chatty gossip that we old men like to hear about old times, yet we think it is quite worth while for such reminiscences as many old clergy among us could give to be preserved. They are always interesting and stir up a thousand other recollections. Mr. Nichols gives many historical facts connected with the old homesteads and prominent men of Connecticut and New York, such as the New Haven Professors, and Dr. Croswell, John Jay, Bishop Brownell, Judge Lott, Bishop Hobart, Dr. Hawks, Dr. Cooke and other interesting characters, which make very pleasant reading indeed, mingled with many reflections that show the godly simplicity and amiability of the writer.

The New York Independent thus speaks:

A series of genial reminiscences are embodied in "Letters from Waldegrave Cottage" by the Rev. George W. Nichols. Many and perhaps most of the chapters were originally letters to the *Sunday Magazine*, where they appeared with much of the delightful flavor of veteran correspondence. Although a devoted Episcopal Churchman, Mr. Nichols is an appreciative and catholic observer, who writes in wide sympathy with men and things, and preserves in his letters many things that ought not to die: as for example the delicious saying of the venerable ex-President Jeremiah Day that in him there was neither original sin nor actual transgression. Mr. Nichols was in the same Yale class with Professor Thatcher, and his volume contains some sunny memories of College days and sunny descriptions of reunions on the historic grounds; along with them in the same glowing light, are pleasant pictures of home, friends, and parochial life.

The Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, Mass., thus writes in a letter addressed to the Author:

I thank you sincerely for your "Letters from Waldegrave Cottage." I have read it with much interest and enjoyed its vivid reminiscences and pleasant suggestions.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander R. Thompson, of Brooklyn, writes:

Your lucid style and always sound and wholesome teaching, and your graphic power of description make your book, "Letters from Waldegrave Cottage" very delightful reading. I was much impressed with your sketches of the eminent men who have been your friends, and of whom you speak. It is no small thing to be able to bring them so vividly before your readers.

The New York Observer says:

These letters embrace a great variety of topics, including sketches of character, incidents of ministerial and parish life, Church reminiscences and other subjects of general interest. The author is an earnest and profound thinker, and in these sketches speaks from the heart to the heart. He sees the lightest and happiest side of life and character, and his descriptions, views and meditations are also pervaded by a spirit of grace, tenderness and piety. It is a book to be read again and again.

The Church Bulletin, a paper published under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church, Middletown, Ohio, says:

These letters are upon things new and old, things, places and persons. The author is one of the very few now living who lived early enough in our country to see the first Chief-Justice of the United States. The letter describing the eminent Justice Jay is alone worth the price of the book, as is the one describing the author's mother and his early home. It is really a charming book, with a woven breath of religion on every page.

Rev. Dr. A. A. Benton, Newark, Del., author of the Church Encyclopedia, writes:

Many thanks for your delightful book, "Letters from Waldegrave Cottage." My wife kept it a long time on her table before I got the opportunity of reading it. She was delighted with it.

*In a letter received recently from Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall,
of Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, he says :*

I have read your work, "Letters from Waldegrave Cottage," with interest and pleasure, having been familiar with many of the places and persons concerned. I graduated at Yale in 1842, and was a candidate in Connecticut, and refreshed my memory with the scenes and characters there mentioned. Your style gives a stranger the impression of a sunny age in your case, which with a pleasant past, refreshes and cheers the autumn sunshine of the present. Hoping that your evening of life may even-down happily till the time of rest comes,

I am, yours truly,

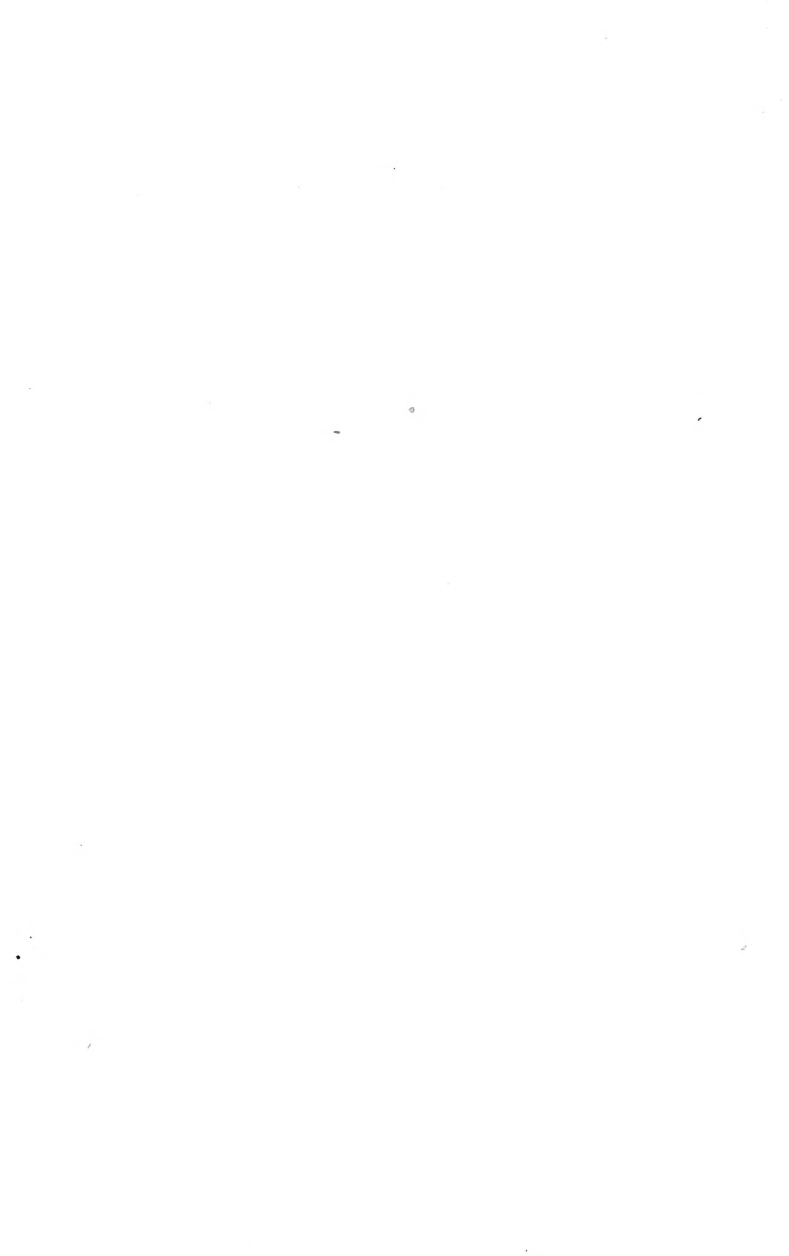
CHARLES H. HALL.

*The Rev. Dr. Lindsay of St. John's Church, Bridgeport, thus writes
in a letter to the Author, just received :*

I thank you very much for the copy of your book you so kindly sent me the other day. I have read it with genuine pleasure. I am fond of pen and ink sketches of places and persons. My knowledge of local history in Virginia and Maryland is one of my treasures, and I have felt the need of a like knowledge in Connecticut. Your modest volume helps me decidedly in this respect. I beg you again to accept my thanks, for your timely and highly prized gift.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN S. LINDSAY.





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